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Apathy on the Dole

The Prime Minister, speaking before the TUC this week, was no doubt a little melodramatic in describing the demise of phase two as marking 'the end of an era'. There may be some doubt as to how long 'eras' last – but in common usage their duration is not often considered to be a matter of a mere two years. Moreover, in seeking even a controlled return to free collective bargaining the unions themselves plainly believe that they are smothering nothing more than a temporary hiccup in their traditional relationship with government.

As things now stand, for all his bluff talk, Mr Callaghan cannot help looking like someone trying to shut the door after the horse has bolted. The most he seems to be offering is a reversion to the old Selwyn Lloyd pay policy of the early 1960s – wherein the private sector got the latitude and the public sector took the punishment. It was never an appetising formula in Tory hands: it is likely to look even less appealing in Labour ones. Yet that is what the assertion of the inviolability of 'cash limits' must mean: one law for private enterprise and another for the public services. That hardly holds out much promise of industrial peace this coming winter.

Of course, the Prime Minister still has a few shots in his locker. At Blackpool he may merely have hinted at the possibility of Mr Healey introducing some ameliorative economic measures this autumn; but there are few – whether in the City or the trade union movement – who doubt that that is what the Chancellor must now do. Whatever tax changes eventually come must not, however, be designed merely to gratify the stock exchange or, indeed, the nation's workforce. Probably, the most deadly indictment of the trade union movement today is that it has become no more than 'a lobby of the employed'. The 'Right to Work' marchers may not be the most persuasive of advocates – but at least their presence in Blackpool drew attention to a situation that the organised trade union movement has seemed to accept with all too much passivity. Two years ago, when unemployment was almost 400,000 less than what it is today, Mr David Basnett – one of the trade union movement's more sensitive and imaginative leaders – had this to say in the columns of the *Daily Express*:

> We can hardly tolerate for much longer the industrial stress and bitterness and conflict created by 1,250,000 people on the dole.

The trade union movement's capacity for tolerance is clearly greater than Mr Basnett anticipated – for it is now accepting an unemployment figure of 1,635,000 or one-third *higher* than what it was in September 1975. It is an ironical outcome to all the brave talk that attended the launching of phase one just over two years ago.

For what, after all, persuaded the union leaders to reach their *concordat* with the Government? It was certainly not a sudden conversion to the merits of incomes control as a socialist policy; if it had been, the Prime Minister would not have had to mourn his disappointed hopes over the introduction of a phase three at Blackpool this week. It was not even a recognition that the time had come to do something, at least in terms of relativities, for those at the bottom of the wages' heap – though it certainly had. No, what brought about the change in the unions' mood was something much more crude and brutal than that. The Government in effect said to the unions: 'All right, we know you hate the idea of wages policy. But are you sure you actually hate it more than mass unemployment? For that, have no doubt about it, is where free collective bargaining in present conditions is going to take us.' Reluctantly the union leaders made their choice of evils.

Yet the Government failed to deliver on its side of the bargain: the union leaders got wage controls *and* mass unemployment as well. Any reflationary measures introduced this autumn must be directed at removing that stain from the Government's record. That course not only offers Mr Callaghan his best hope of shaming the unions into cooperation on the wages front: it would also constitute a timely reminder that Labour is not yet the party of the 'haves' against the 'have-nots'.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Scanlon's Law

Blackpool 1977, and here we are at the Spotlight Mobile Commentary Unit, reporting on the latest developments at the TUC this Wednesday morning/midday/afternoon. We have got a notebook, a Schaeffer cartridge-filled no-nonsense pen, 20 Silk Cut and a box of matches, and for the next three columns we'll be discussing the why's and wherefores of what has been a most entertaining and instructive few days. We have seen an assassination attempt on the Transport & General Workers Union. We have seen some of the most blatant skulduggery on the part of Hugh Scanlon. We have seen a Prime Minister battling with the waves. And in the course of the next few hours we'll see just how sincerely the unions want to be rich.

Entertaining was certainly the word for Monday's debate on the expulsion of the TGWU. The morning, frankly, had been a little slow. Marie Patterson, the chairman, had made a speech of unexampled virtuousness and had impressed herself upon the mind as a lady of upright deportment and clean habits of thought. All the procedures were scrupulously observed – the vote of thanks for the mayor, the seconding of the vote of thanks, and indeed I feel sure that if anybody had wanted to oppose the vote of thanks he would have had his hearing. But in the afternoon things were different. It all started quietly. Moss Evans rose to defend his union with a cocky smile and a cheery wave – hallo lads, it's me, the Esso Blue dealer, was what his manner said. But the manner turned out to have presumed on the goodwill of the conference. Suddenly – oh me, it couldn't be! How terribly funny – or rather how tragically irresponsible. They'd thrown out the TGWU. A vision opened up of the TUC without its largest union – a sort of Paul Johnson version of the TUC, *Hamlet* without the Emperor. I went down to the concourse and watched Jack Jones, red-faced, turning away from rather nervous camera men, and being surrounded by his ostracised brothers. Then someone called out: 'Transport & General delegates to the Baronial Hall!' and to the Baronial Hall the livid barons went.

If the initial vote constituted nothing more than what the revolutionary Left call adventurism, its chaotic sequel showed up a seamy side of TUC organisation. Nobody has been able to answer these questions: why was the (TGWU) conference chairman left in the chair? and how come the TGWU were able to participate in the vote declaring their own suspension to be null and void? A TUC spokesman told one reporter that, well, it was not strictly legal, but then no one had challenged the legality of the vote. A Russian journalist, the *Trud* correspondent, said he couldn't see what all the fuss was about. Things like that, he said, happened in Russia all the time. The average observer (i.e. your reporter) was left with a certain degree of satisfaction that the smile had been wiped off the face of Moss Evans and with a deal of insight into the dislike felt by the smaller unions for the Big Two. It was also instructive to compare Moss Evans's speech (saying that the TGWU was doing all it could to persuade the draymen to come back to work) with the account given by a local Birmingham union official. In his version, the deliveries to the pub in question were being withheld by the union as a bargaining move, in order to get Ansells to develop their brewery in the region and thereby guarantee jobs. In other words, the TGWU were indeed acting in blatant defiance of the TUC disputes procedures. I hate to mention this, but it did give rise to one or two rather Paul Johnsonish thoughts.

The next day the Prime Minister made his speech – and a riveting speech it was. Not, I hasten to say, because of its content. There wasn't all that much in it. There wasn't much, for instance, about unemployment, was there? But the posture Callaghan struck and the tone of his remarks, which really challenged the wrath of the delegates, were impressively determined. Somebody praised him for really addressing himself to the audience, rather than talking over their heads to the general public. I disagree. It seemed to me that he had the general public very much in mind. He was out to project an image of earnest defiance. And in the ensuing economic debate, despite some able and well argued attacks on the Government's economic policy, it was clear that he had been respectfully heard by at least two people. It might have seemed as if there was a split between Scanlon and Jones over the question of the 12-month rule. In fact Jones, who at the TGWU conference had argued passionately for the 12-month rule, was less than convincing in putting forward his union's attack on it. The key to his speech lay in the peroration, when he assured Scanlon that he would abide by the decision of the TUC.

If the clash between Scanlon and Jones was very much a rigged affair, a virtuoso exercise in trade union superpolitics, there have nevertheless been real conflicts at, or rather behind, the conference. The appeals of Scanlon at that panicky moment when the TGWU appeared to have been suspended, and his own not very convincing argument that the engineers' vote should be cast again, was a kind of dress rehearsal for his Wednesday speech in which he not very convincingly argued against the line taken by 23 out of 26 of his fellow delegates on the 12-month rule. From the beginning of the week a phrase has been floating around the conference area – Carron's Law. It has been pointed out that when Carron, Scanlon's predecessor, behaved in a similar way in 1966 the union's appeal committee upheld an appeal by the Chingford Branch. The executive was instructed to give full voting rights to delegates, and in the next year was rebuked for not doing so. Carron's Law and Scanlon's Law do not look so very different.

As the economic debate continued the problems of supporting the 12-month rule were given greater edge – what exactly did the phrase mean? What was a principal settlement? Could the affected union negotiate on questions other than pay before their 12 months had elapsed? And what would be the effect on publicly owned industries or public bodies on whom cash limits had been imposed?

It was a good debate, star turns alternating with less glamorous contributors. Clive Jenkins was on form. The gentleman from Equity provided a fine example of method acting, and Frank Chapple a touch of method hysteria. But behind the debate lay the frustration inherent in the present position of the TUC. Scanlon had fixed the engineers' vote in favour of the 12-month rule. I can still hear Scanlon's voice winding up the debate: 'I cannot see,' the injured voice is saying, 'what all the kerfuffle is about.'

The kerfuffle, as far as I can see is about the widespread dissatisfaction at continuing, in any way at all, with policies of restraint which have so reduced living standards. The 12-month rule may seem a mere fig-leaf from the point of view of the Tory Party. From the point of view of many unions here, particularly the smaller unions, it means a complicated and possibly quite effective way of hampering their negotiating abilities way beyond the end of the 12 months in question. Callaghan said on Tuesday that the unions were not to imagine that in the next year they would make up the ground they lost during the social contract. The TUC has not quite mastered the nerve to say 'nuts' to that but they have declared that the time for blind obedience is over. Though Scanlon's Law may have triumphed by a surprisingly large 2¼ million majority in the Opera House at Blackpool it is difficult to imagine its strength continuing for long outside. We're entering a period in which the monolith of great union power will come in for attack. And no doubt this is no bad thing. I am sure Mr Johnson thinks so. What an odd moment, then, to decamp.

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Jack Jones

'The Buggers Won't Work'

Recently A. L. Rowse wrote in the *Sunday Telegraph* that Ernie Bevin, with his last words, said of the ordinary people of this country: 'The buggers won't work.' He gave no source and, when challenged, stated they were not Bevin's last words but were a remark he made to Lord Boothby – again no source or verification was given, and a lot of people will need a lot of convincing that Ernie Bevin ever said that of his own people.

Such an incident would be trivial and almost laughable if it were not for the fact that Dr Rowse and writers with similar views are given space and time, and massive support by the media to peddle their anti-worker prejudices, at home and abroad. Prejudices? In the same article Rowse wrote of our ordinary people '. . . their brute selfishness and bloody-mindedness, forever striking, like a lot of kids playing about'.

Those who support, or permit, the international broadcasting of this divisive rubbish will presumably be pleased to know that they are surprisingly effective in gaining acceptance of their views. Virtually every week of the year foreign visitors come to Transport House for various meetings – trade unionists, businessmen, government representatives. The clear majority come convinced that the 'British sickness' is the unwillingness of our people to work, that we are lazy and indolent.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the seriousness of this propaganda success, because these people will influence decisions as to whether or not they will 'buy British' or invest in the UK. You don't tend to put much trade or capital in the way of those you believe to be irresponsible and incapable. Where do they get these illusions and misapprehensions? From their press and media, of course. And where do *they* get the stories from? Our press and media, of course. So it is important that we try to put the record straight concerning British workers, and attempt to gain acceptance of the real facts of working life in this country.

First, let us bury the myths concerning strike-proneness. In any recent year 98 per cent of UK manufacturing plants were completely strike free. 98 per cent! Over the last decade, the UK is about the middle of the international league table for days lost in disputes – with Canada, Italy, the US and Australia well ahead of us.

If we are not on strike, then, do we lose a lot of time due to other reasons? Holidays? We are way behind other European countries. France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Spain all have twice the number, or more, of statutory or national holidays that we enjoy. And, whereas in European industrial countries four weeks annual holiday is virtually universal, only just over one-third of our manual workers get such a break.

Hours of work? Unfortunately, the UK is still at the top of the table for the number of hours worked on average each week.

Absenteeism? The latest available figures indicate that Britain has suffered a much smaller increase in absenteeism than most comparable economies – our rate of increase has been substantially exceeded in Sweden, Italy, Holland and West Germany.

So it would appear we work longer hours, have fewer holidays, and no more strikes than do most of our competitors, and we have less 'malingering'. The motor industry provides a useful study in this regard. From 1970 to 1975 only about 1½ per cent of possible working hours were lost through strikes, and 8 per cent were lost due to other absences – this latter figure is better than that for West Germany, France or Italy. And in 1971-73, 80 per cent of factories in the motor industry were strike free.

The problem then must lie in what happens when we are at work. For there cer-

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tainly is a problem. In certain firms and certain industries there is an urgent need for a big improvement in productivity. But to give an impression that all is bad in British industry is totally irresponsible, false and harmful. And it is just as important to recognise our strengths and successes as it is to analyse and define our weaknesses.

US multinational companies have an enviable, and justified, reputation for both efficiency and business acumen. Last year they invested more money in British manufacturing industry than in any other country in Western Europe. Their capital stake in British industry now accounts for some 12 per cent of our manufacturing output. It is vital to realise that while we have real problems, we have some enterprises, and some industries, in which our productivity and efficiency are the equal of anything in the world. Take three recent examples:

(1) Chrysler's conversion of the Ryton plant to produce the Alpine – switchover completed on scheduled production targets exceeded; 49 of 50 journalists stated quality higher than imported model.

(2) BSC Thrybergh bar mill (Rotherham) – world record set in achieving planned production only 11 months after commissioning. Knocked a year off the previous Japanese record.

(3) Austin and Pickersgill's productivity success with the new SD14 cargo vessel.

To back up the many British success stories, we have the comments of some of those responsible for foreign-based companies operating in the UK. Mr Jack Smith, managing director of International Harvester in Great Britain, recently stated: 'I do not know anywhere in the world where we can invest a dollar and get a better return. In the UK we will continue to produce high quality tractors at a lower price than anywhere else.'

Herr Stubbeman of Atlas Hydraulic Leaders Ltd (West Germany) is on record as saying: 'I have found that people here in Scotland are prepared to work much harder than their counterparts in Germany and I feel that many more German companies should consider investing here. Our success proves we made a right decision to set up in Scotland.'

Bengt Nilson, manager SKF (UK) Ltd (Swedish) said of his workforce: 'The labour force is of a very good quality, we have absolutely no problem finding skilled labour – toolmakers, maintenance fitters, plumbers, electricians or setters – or less skilled trades of a responsible nature with a lot of feeling for the company and for their work.'

The manager of Thyssen (West Germany) in this country, Richard Englert, recently gave it as his opinion that 'the British worker is hard working and conscientious – so long as management regards him not just as a wage earner, but as a human being.'

The comments quoted are just a few relating to different sectors of British industry. In a similar vein two Japanese firms, Sony and Takiron, have expressed their real satisfaction with their UK operations. The recent *Der Spiegel* article on British industry quoted representatives of leading German firms – Mercedes, Hoechst, Klippon, Osram – as expressing their satisfaction with their British operations, and praising our workers.

There is, then, plenty of good in British industry – the problem is to bring the below average and backward firms up to the higher standards. But at least we now have the advantage of several useful studies on the causes of low productivity – studies by Pratten, New, the NEDO, Dudley, and others. These reveal certain recurring themes: 'lack of mechanisation', 'short runs and small batches', 'poor production planning and control', 'insufficient standardisation', 'low investment'.

Certainly there is criticism also of workers and unions with relation to restrictive practices – and we have never claimed to be fault-free – but none of the research gives any grounds whatsoever for the all-too-common attacks on the attitudes of British workers and the quality of their work. In reply to the smear of 'The Buggers Won't Work' the workers of the UK have every reason to say of the media, and of some Boards of Directors, 'The Bastards Won't Back Us!'.

Alexander McDonald

Hunting with the AUEW

'Perhaps they'll rename it the IUEW, the Intergalactic Union of Engineering Workers', someone joked after John Boyd had told us the Plan. The someone was a journalist, one of the few who had made the journey out to Peckham from Fleet Street on that particular Tuesday in late June. We arrived at the headquarters – which is in the handsome redbrick style of an Edwardian municipal hall – to find the front door shut for the night and the cleaning ladies at work. Anyhow, John Boyd was traced to a restaurant along the road near Camberwell Green and he interrupted a dinner engagement to come downstairs to us in reception.

The general secretary of the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers plays the tuba in the Salvation Army and he resents the devil in the shape of the Transport and General Workers Union (or could he be the National Union of General and Municipal Workers?) having all the good recruitment tunes. So, with a Salvationist's fervour he rehearsed one of his own. 'Come and Join Us,' he said. 'That is the message I will want to put over to the other unions in engineering.' He told us that he was about to write to the general secretaries of all the blue-collar unions in the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, with the exception of the two 'generals', the TGWU and the GMWU. That was ten weeks ago.

The first positive response has come from the Electrical, Electronic, Telecommunication and Plumbing Union, whose 435,000 members make it the sixth largest. Mr Frank Chapple, the EETPU general secretary, agreed to meet the executive of the AUEW's engineering section to see what they had to say and in mid-August he went along to find out. The 47,000 strong Society of Metal Mechanics also discussed John Boyd's proposal last month and are willing to hold talks with the AUEW.

So Mr Boyd's recruitment mailing shot has clearly not been consigned to the waste-paper basket, along with the special offer circulars that general secretaries, like the rest of us, must receive. It has created a stir of interest. And perhaps it will trigger off a new round of union mergers, fulfilling at last the hopes of the Donovan Commission which in its report back in 1968 found the engineering industry overburdened with unions, and ripe for rationalisation.

But why this unusual initiative by the AUEW? After all, merger overtures are usually conducted in a leisurely fashion. With one union at a time and with the greatest of circumspection: a word over a drink, leading to an informal get-together to talk over the idea. The AUEW's ambitions are motivated by the need to break through the thicket of problems that has hedged it around during the 1970s. It has seen the TGWU growing rapidly in engineering, and in other industries where engineering workers are employed in large numbers, in chemicals and transport, for instance. And, horror of horrors, it has witnessed the merger talks between the GMWU and the Amalgamated Society of Boilermakers, Shipwrights, Blacksmiths and Structural Workers, with its 136,000 members in a variety of skilled and semi-skilled jobs in shipbuilding and many branches of engineering.

To talk figures for a moment: the AUEW with a formidable 1,428,000 membership is the second largest in the land. Above it stands the TGWU edging on the 2 million mark. And in third place the GMWU with 881,000 (soon to become the magic million if the boilermakers say yes). While the Donovan Commission was taking evidence and while its report was still fresh in the memory the Amalgamated Engineering Union, as it then was, did well in clinching new amalgamations. The foundry workers union linked up in 1968 bringing with it 63,000 members. It was given the status of a virtually autonomous section, and this formed the pattern for further amalgamations in April 1970 with the Draughtsmen's and Allied Technicians' Association (90,000) and the Constructional Engineering Union (27,000).

It was spring. It was the start of a new decade. And the newly named AUEW had every reason for optimism. After all, its parent, the AEU, began its successful existence in 1920 as the result of a merger with nine other societies, while its grandpa, the craft-based Amalgamated Society of Engineers, was itself the product of mergers in 1851. Between 1900 and 1920 the union grew from 88,000 to

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460,000, partly because of the Edwardian and first world war expansion of the industry, but mainly because of the energy and foresight of Tom Mann and his colleagues who opened the union to the semi-skilled, and women, and introduced its highly democratic constitution.

There was every reason to suppose that the amalgamations of 1968-70 would lead to growth as surely as did 1851 and 1920. But it was not to be. Membership of the predominant engineering section has remained almost static at 1,204,000; the foundry section has dropped nearly 6,000 since 1970 and stands at 57,000, and construction section membership is down to 25,000 from 27,000. Only TASS (the technical and supervisory section) has shown vigorous growth, increasing its membership from 90,000 to 141,000.

Meanwhile, the TGWU has grown prodigiously in engineering, following a pattern set by a young Spanish Civil War veteran called Jack Jones who took over the Coventry district in 1939 and built the membership from 2,000 to 40,000 by 1956, when he was not surprisingly promoted to the key position of secretary of the Midland region where Britain's main engineering belt is situated. In 1956 the region had 156,000 members, and today it has 352,000 – 96,000 in general engineering and 83,000 in the motor industry.

His methods in the car and machine-tool city of Coventry make an instructive study because they were a winning formula that is still followed: push the wage rates high for semi-skilled and unskilled workers so that, as an accidental by-product, the craftsman's differentials are squeezed almost to extinction; make entry into the union a simple matter of being handed a card across the counter; and lay the negotiating emphasis on the shop steward.

The AUEW position was historically weakened, and the TGWU's immeasurably strengthened by the 'trauma' (an AUEW national official's description) of April 1972 when the National Union of Vehicle Builders took its 86,000 members into the camp of Mr Jones. The vehicle builders slotted snugly into big brother's trade group structure, vastly augmenting the existing automotive group and giving the TGWU two-thirds of the membership in the motor industry. Meanwhile the three unions that linked up with the old AEU remain undigested, so that – as we were vividly reminded this week – today's AEUW is still the four-section federation of April 1970.

In 1974 a draft constitution for a fully amalgamated union was placed for debate before the annual meeting of the engineering section's national committee but right-wing delegates voted down the recommendations for one set of rules, one executive, one policy-making national conference, one financial structure, and a common method of electing officials. This ensured the draft would be thrown out by the four-section national conference where mandated engineering section delegates are in the majority. An amended version of the 1974 draft met a similar fate at the 1976 conference, thanks again to the fierce rivalry between the Right and Left political factions.

In recent years the Right has held a slender voting advantage on the national committee, thus dominating national conference. It fears that an influx of TASS voting strength would give the Left a permanent majority. The Right also feared that Ken Gill, the able communist general secretary of TASS, could reach the top of a fully integrated union. That possibility has receded now that Bob Wright for the Left, and Terry Duffy for the Right, but both engineering section men, are fighting out the election to succeed Hugh Scanlon who retires in late 1978.

There is no doubt that the stalemate has had an enervating effect upon the union. In a remarkable leader in *Construction Worker* in September last year, the construction section general secretary, John Baldwin noted the 'frustration and bitterness' that had arisen. It was enough, he wrote, to 'make the most ardent supporter cynical'. Reviewing the lack of progress he stated: 'There comes a time when compromise is exhausted. I feel that time has come and the chances of proceeding further are nil.' He wondered whether the construction section section general secretary, John Baldwin, seek amalgamation elsewhere.

During this year's annual national committee in Eastbourne in May both the Left and Right factions were privately admitting that the stalemate could not continue. Something would have to be done. Both were alarmed by amalgamation talks between the GMWU and the boilermakers and were concerned that if a deal went through other engineering unions could follow suit. On the Friday, the executives of the four sections who were in town for the subsequent national conference, met and decided that another effort should be made to achieve full amalgamation. Which meant finding a way round the one remaining obstacle, what to do about full-time officials. Engineering section officials are elected, whereas their TASS counterparts are appointees. This is unfair argues the Right, and doubly unfair since the amalgamation would be saddled for a lifetime with a group of officials who had been handpicked by Ken Gill and the left-wing leadership of TASS, while their own officials continued to face the hazard of periodic election. For its part, TASS argues that their staff have contracts of employment which would have to be honoured within a full amalgamation.

At the June meeting in Peckham, where John Boyd was instructed to write his recruitment letters, the executive considered proposals by the engineering section for removing the blockage. One of these was that there should be a five-year moratorium, with TASS officials submitting themselves for election at the end of the period or accepting a golden handshake. John Boyd said during his restaurant press conference that he was convinced that the TASS executive would accept one of the proposals after it had pondered them during the coming weeks. This done, a recalled national conference, booked for mid-November, could end the seven-year war of attrition between the factions and deliver full amalgamation.

This move away from the four-section stalemate is essential if the overtures to other unions are to prove successful. Three years ago when the EEPTU was approached about an amalgamation, the top brass said in effect, 'Come back and see us when you have sorted out your problems'. This has been a fairly general attitude among the AUEW's potential partners, and although in the meantime the engineering section is trying to get round the problem by offering a straight 'transfer of engagements', meaning that a union's members can be absorbed on a take-over basis, this is unlikely to cut much ice. A transfer-of-engagement deal is in fact being offered to the boilermakers by the GMWU and the AUEW would not be unhappy if the necessary ballot of boilermakers' members voted the proposal out, so that eventually a reformed AUEW could press its suit.

Despite John Boyd's recent optimism, the TASS executive has not shown much enthusiasm for the suggestions on what to do about its appointed officials. But anxiety concentrates the mind wonderfully and with the recalled national conference two months away the search for an acceptable formula continues. The prospect of failure is not one that is happily contemplated. As the exasperated John Baldwin put it, they could not 'continue with a half-cock amalgamation that can't go back and at the same time is not going forward'. Suggesting that everyone had acted like ostriches, John Baldwin commented: 'Ostriches end up as being feathers in someone else's hat.'

Roger Woddis

Hardly, Hardly

Patrick Mower, who plays Det.-Supt. Hackett in the BBC's new police series, *Target*, says of the character: 'Condemnation of capitalist exploitation is not his style.'

I should think so too – whatever next?
A village cop with vintage bike?
A sleuth who knows his Marxist text
And calls the workers out on strike?
We like to see a broken jaw
But not the clenched fist of the law.

Our man is tough, with nimble feet:
The city is his hunting-ground,
And though he used to pound the beat
He never struck to beat the pound.
He can't stand scroungers, and his squad
Are far from soft but close to God.

Villains, beware! Your day is done,
For now begins a new crusade:
The underworld is much more fun
Than fighting for the underpaid,
And rarer than château-bottled wine
Is Hackett on the picket-line.

Robbery, murder, fraud and drugs –
These are the targets for tonight,
A multiplicity of thugs,
A hero who is always right.
Perish the thought that he should aim
At those who play a dirtier game.

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Alexander Cockburn

The Buck Stops with Bert

This is one of those stories, not infrequent in political journalism, when the word 'was', chafing in the wings, is highly likely to make a sudden appearance and vanish 'is' into oblivion. By which I mean that Bert Lance, presently head of the Office of Management and Budget and one of President Carter's intimates and most powerful counsellors may soon – possibly even this week – no longer be enjoying the appurtenances of high office, but leaving the capital as the first victim of scandal in the young Democratic Administration.

Of the Georgian Mafia (on one count 51 on the White House staff, 18 at OMB and another 100 strewn through the executive branch) who flocked to Washington in Jimmy's wake, Bert Lance has been by far the most conspicuous. For one thing, he looks exactly as one would expect a high-rolling country banker from the South to look: large and jovial with a fancy gold watch and fancy gold cufflinks: folksy too, with a wife called La Belle and the PR sense to answer (some of the time) his own telephone. He bought a big house in Washington, part of an extensive string of mansions, one of them now for sale for $400,000.

And right away the word went round that the buck stops with Bert. He rapidly established himself as the President's right-hand man, and the person entrusted with the quasi-mystic errand of balancing the Budget. The importance of OMB should be emphasised here. It is the largest single section of the executive office of the President: 700 people work there, almost twice as many as are on the President's White House staff. Their task is to monitor the expenditures of the government agencies, setting spending ceilings, approving or vetoing government programmes every fiscal year.

It has been traditional for every President to appoint one of his own trusties to run the place and Lance was no exception. But Lance's duties went further. He rushed around the country, exhorting businessmen to expand, and almost every day he hurried across from the old Executive Office Building to the White House to confer with the President. His was the appointment which signalled Carter's conservative aspect, a businessman to talk to businessmen and make them feel good. In a town which takes such things seriously Lance was known to have a formal lunch with Carter every Thursday. Along with Treasury Secretary Blumenthal and Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, Lance has been central in the formation of the country's economic policy.

There's a certain point in American political life when scandals of the sort in which Lance is now embroiled reach critical mass. The process requires several ingredients, all now present in the Lance affair. As far back as the start of the year, when Carter announced his appointment, there was always especial interest in Lance. For one thing, he had financial links with the President, in that one of his banks had loaned about $4m. to Carter's peanut business. For another, he had been an official in Carter's state administration in Georgia and subsequently spent large sums vainly trying to become Governor of Georgia himself. In the fund-raising for Carter's presidential bid, Lance was crucial. Finally it emerged in the confirmation hearings in the Senate that Lance had borrowed about $3m. last year to finance purchase of stock in the National Bank of Georgia. Under Carter's informal ethical guidelines he placed all his business affairs in the hands of a trustee, preparatory to divestiture of his holdings.

By February it was clear that much may well have been conveniently omitted from the confirmation hearings. Investigation of one of La Belle's overdrafts – nearly $300,000 – had been squelched, one day before the announcement of his appointment by the US Attorney in Atlanta. This gentleman was rumoured, by lawyers in Atlanta, to have received a soothing phone call from Griffin Bell, the new Attorney-General. The overdraft in question was thought to have been part of Lance's gubernatorial campaign expenses.

By early summer *Time* magazine was reporting that since the value of Lance's National Bank of Georgia stock had fallen from around $17 a share to about $10 Lance's trustee could see no way he was going to dispose of the position at that price without ruining Lance. *Time* quoted a number of Georgian businessmen as being much amused at the spectacle of Lance preaching fiscal prudence, since they claimed to know him as a particularly energetic and resourceful patron of the credit system. By mid-summer, particularly in the *New York Times* column of William Safire, formerly a speechwriter for Nixon, more details about Lance's borrowing practices were surfacing. To buy his National Bank of Georgia shares Lance had borrowed just over $3m. from the First National Bank of Chicago. Simultaneously the Calhoun National Bank, which he heads, had entered into a correspondent relationship with First National. This, if a direct *quid pro quo* can be established, is illegal. Then Lance paid back First National by switching the loan to Manufacturers Hanover Bank in New York. Once again a correspondent relationship between the banks was set up. At the time of these transactions Lance brought candidate Jimmy Carter to meet Manufacturers Hanover executives. It was plain, in the midst of these disclosures, that Lance had and indeed has a severe problem on his hands (or rather his trustee has), since he had to pay back the bank loans by the sale of stock which has depreciated by nearly 50 per cent in the interim.

Thus far the ball had been in the newspapers' court. Act Two, as is traditional in such matters, took place in Congress where a committee announced it would hold hearings. It did so, took evidence from Lance and generously pronounced him innocent of wrongdoing and much maligned to boot.

Some scandals die at this stage. Alas for Lance. By now the Comptroller of the Currency was – amid more press coverage – getting in on the act. The Comptroller oversees many of the nation's banks. The first parts of his eagerly awaited report, issued a few weeks ago, cleared Lance of having committed any indictable offence, but left him looking like a dreadfully sloppy banker. Loans and overdrafts surfaced like debris after a shipwreck. Indeed, there was something wonderfully impressive about the credit pyramids Lance constructed, rushing money about his empire to relieve one beleagured outpost after another.

Act Three was again traditional: affirmation of presidential confidence in the probity and innocence of his old chum. In a manner eerily reminiscent of Nixon's innumerable announcements that far-reaching investigation had found no wrongdoing and that the affair was over, Carter closed rather than widened ranks with Lance. Jody Powell, Carter's press spokesman, stoutly defended Lance in daily press briefings.

Critical mass was reached about two weeks ago. For one thing, the Lance affair has become the main competitive arena for the press and the one in which investigative reputations can be made and prestigious prizes won. Each day's disclosures (for example, that Lance failed to disclose certain business interests in his confirmation hearing) fuel yet greater efforts and more unrestrained surmise. Government agencies, keen to protect themselves from accusations of laxity, have bustled in on the act. Lance is now being probed by the Comptroller of the Currency, the SEC, the IRS, and the Justice Department, with corresponding leaks by most parties to the press. Finally Congress is clambering back into the ring, with no less than three committees holding hearings.

And poor Lance is also under pressure from the business community to get up and go. The *Wall Street Journal* (which never called for Nixon's resignation) has suggested that this would be the decent thing to do. Part of the reason for this hostility stems from the unfortunate defence, promoted by Lance's supporters: that his exuberant way with a loan was traditional banking practice, particularly down South. The air is now thick with denials of this probably truthful assertion from bankers, particularly down South. The fact of the matter is that many bankers do operate in the same manner as Bert Lance. What they don't like is the possibility of remedial legislation, now being hatched in Congress.

It seems only a matter of time. Two powerful Senators have urged Carter to accept Lance's resignation. His political credit is exhausted and mail to the White House is running two to one against him. 'Is this your worst time as Press Secretary?' Powell was asked on Tuesday. 'You are speaking to the man who set up the *Playboy* interview,' Powell wanly replied. But it *is* his worst time. Everyone enjoys seeing vir-

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tue tarnished, and no Administration has ever been more avowedly virtuous than Carter's.

And there are other factors Carter would be unwise to ignore. Considering that he ran for two years for the Presidency, half of the time under unremitting journalistic scrutiny, remarkably little is known of the main financiers of his campaign and his southern business sponsors. Yet, starting with his possibly illegal use of a plane belonging to one of Lance's banks during the campaign, there are avenues – as they say – to be explored. The newspapers, as well as Republican politicians, will now be eager to explore them. There are other figures in Carter's Administration with apparent conflicts of interest. Now there is blood in the water, they may be more closely examined. So, three years after the resignation of Richard Nixon, it looks as though there is life in the old midden still. The Koreagate scandal, which has had problems in achieving satisfactory critical mass, is now yielding up the prospect of indictments by the Justice Department of people in Congress for accepting South Korean favours. Lancegate is offering, again for the first time in three years, the thrilling American spectacle of the hunt for the smoking gun. As I've remarked before, Carter, in promising a Government as good as the American people, is finding that there is more than one way in which that promise can be parsed.

New York

Milton Shulman

Violence on TV

In the higher reaches of British television some executives will this week be clearing their throats, picking their words and diplomatically trying to explain away a report that ought to shatter their collective complacency about the connection between TV violence and violence amongst the young. On their desks for the past two months has been a mammoth 1,500-page study of what mayhem and murder on the small screen have done to the behaviour and attitudes of 1,565 London boys aged between 13-16 years.

Costing over £150,000 and financed by the Columbia Broadcasting System of America, it has taken six years to complete. This week, at the British Association meeting in Birmingham, Dr William Belson, who led a team of 30 people in his research, has provided a summary of the methods he used and his findings. Stripped of its technical jargon and its academic qualifications, Belson claims his investigation supports the view that long-term exposure to TV violence increases the degree to which boys engage in violent behaviour, use bad language and are violent in sport or play. More significantly, and disturbingly, the evidence *strongly* supports the view or hypothesis that long-term exposure to TV violence increases the degree to which boys engage in *serious* violence.

It is important to recognise the difference between the use of the words 'supporting' and 'strongly supporting' in these statements. It is precisely in the area of serious violence, as opposed to moderate violence, that the evidence strongly and firmly establishes a link with what adolescents see on the box.

How does Belson define violence? Any form of behaviour which is likely to produce hurt or harm to the object on the receiving end. And serious violence? The boys themselves provide illustrations:

'I burned a boy on the chest with a cigarette while my mates held him down.'

'I tried to force a girl to have sexual intercourse with me.'

'I deliberately hit a boy in the face with a broken bottle.'

'I deliberately kicked a policeman in the face during a rough-up at a football match.'

Now, it must be remembered that these statements come from the lips of boys under the age of 16. Of course most of the 1,565 London boys were not involved in such ugly acts of violence, although many of them committed more moderate anti-social acts such as slashing bike tyres, twisting other boys' arms and deliberately breaking windows.

Nevertheless no less than 12 per cent of the sample admitted violent acts in the serious category on a fairly repetitive basis: i.e. ten or more times in a six-month period. If this 12 per cent figure were extrapolated on a national basis, it would mean that something like 200,000 adolescents were being encouraged in some degree by TV to indulge in serious acts of violence.

What is perhaps most alarming about these frightening statistics is that they confirm American studies on the same subject. Justifying their dogged refusal to diminish the quantity of TV violence, British broadcasters have always asserted that what happened to American boys had no relevance to what was taking place in this country. That excuse, at least, should be firmly nailed by the Belson report.

The other justification offered by our own broadcasting authorities lay in their claim that no accepted 'methodology' had been evolved to isolate the impact of TV violence from all the other genetic and environmental factors contributing to human violence. But it has been Dr Belson's precise purpose to fill that methodological gap and try to pinpoint TV's influence and separate it from other influences. That is why he and his research team took the six years they did to complete this survey.

The investigation began with intensive interviewing of the boys and their mothers during the year 1972-73. They were asked to recall the programmes they had seen and liked – *The Informer, Softly, Softly, Hawaii Five-O, The Untouchables, Man from U.N.C.L.E.* (68 in all) – and were divided into heavy and light viewers of these types of programmes. No less than 227 variables were then examined to see what effect they might have had upon the behaviour patterns of the light and heavy viewers. Everything from physical strength, breast-feeding, size of household, illnesses, neighbourhood, family income, childish tantrums was listed and computerised in order to eliminate any original differences that might have accounted for the behaviour of the boys.

In addition to confirming the view that there is a measurable link between adolescent violence and TV violence, these statistics throw up some fairly refined data about exactly what kind of programmes are likely to have the worst effects. Cartoon programmes such as *Tom and Jerry*, science fiction, humorous or slapstick versions of violence, *Grandstand*-type sports programmes do not seem to encourage much violence.

Even more fascinating is the finding that the conscious attitudes of boys to violence do not change. There is little evidence that boys become more callous to violence, believe it to be an acceptable way to solve problems, or consider it to be inevitable. But if their attitudes to violence have not changed, their behaviour patterns have. Dr Belson's explanation for this curious contradiction is that TV has changed their behaviour without their being *aware* of it. 'It looks as if TV has reduced or broken down the inhibitions against being violent which had been built up in the child by parents and other socialising influences,' Dr Belson told me.

What does Dr Belson recommend? Immediate steps for a major cut-back in the total amount of TV violence. Also he has set out certain guidelines which the broadcasting authorities should consider when they plan the showing of violent programmes. Spaghetti Westerns, for example, would be out. So would *Starsky and Hutch*. Since social scientists always qualify findings of this kind with the rider that they are not claiming 'firm proof' of their statements, I asked Dr Belson if his evidence

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that TV violence contributes to serious violence among adolescents was as strong as the evidence connecting cigarette smoking with cancer. 'This is one of the most massive child sampling exercises ever done,' answered Dr Belson firmly, 'and the quality of the evidence is at least as accurate, probably more so, than the evidence identifying the causes and effects of cigarette smoking.'

For over ten years now I have been battling in the *Evening Standard* and elsewhere for recognition of the fact that the level of TV violence in our living rooms has been a major contributor to violence amongst the young. What common sense alone would dictate has now been accepted by most psychiatrists and social scientists, by the heads of the major American networks, by the American Medical Association and the American Association of Advertising Agencies. In Britain the Annan Committee has warned about excessive violence. The Education Minister, Shirley Williams, has voiced her concern. It is now up to the Home Secretary to demand positive and concrete action from the BBC and the IBA.

Jad Adams

Behind the 'Lewisham 21'

This Friday 25 young people are being committed for trial at Camberwell Court. Their case has been attended by a political fury which gave rise to the most important confrontation between the National Front and its opponents since the Front was formed. The defendants themselves expressed virtually no interest; the history of the occasion must speak for itself.

Between them, in the past months, the Socialist Workers Party and the National Front turned Lewisham into a battleground with minimal involvement of the borough's 10 per cent black community which is central to both their arguments. Walls became a mesh of slogans and counter slogans, which Lewisham council has already set aside £1,000 to sandblast. With a regularity which dropped the takings of some stores by as much as 75 per cent each Saturday the SWP and the NF gathered on the same spot to sell their newspapers and proclaim their right to the streets.

One week a 25-year-old teacher was kicked unconscious by the NF. A few weeks later an SWP 'commando squad' pulled up in two cars and set about the Front leaving two hospital cases. These weekly street battles were escalated by two 'Lewisham 21' marches by the SWP, one of which was attacked by the Front, and finally the 13 August riot which is remembered by the people of the borough as 'the big day' or 'bloody Saturday'.

The affair began at dawn on 30 May when police raided 21 houses, took away a number of black people aged between 14 and 24 and charged 21 of them with loitering and conspiracy to steal. The case came to be called after the original 21 though a further four were later picked up. Reading about this in the evening papers two young SWP members, Kim Gordon and Norma Hundleby, drew a connection with the Islington 18 which Kim Gordon was interested in as editor of the SWP's black newspaper *Flame*. They went to Camberwell court and spoke to some of the defendants and their parents. The parent who showed the most interest was a New Cross bus inspector called David Foster. They advised him to set up a 'defence committee' and attended a meeting at his house that night.

There was only one defendant at the meeting, and two parents, including Mr Foster. The defence committee executive comprised himself as chairman with two of his sons as secretary and treasurer. Kim Gordon was made assistant secretary. Later other SWP members elected to sit on the committee. The defendants themselves, 12 of whom were out on bail, took no interest in it.

Why a multi-racial party should have a separate section for black people has afforded some amusement to the National Front. One answer was given by college lecturer Ted Parker, SWP South East London organiser: 'We realised that black youths didn't really see people like the National Front as a central problem as all white society treated them much the same; and particularly the police. We were of the opinion that unless we were at the forefront in fighting against police harassment there was no way that the Socialist movement was going to involve black youths and so we were very much on the lookout for issues of police harassment and police brutality in an attempt to pull black workers towards the organisation.'

The precise details of police brutality in the Lewisham 21 affair tended to fluctuate from one leaflet to the next. Originally 100 police 'raided, arrested and brutalised 21 young men and women' later 'hundreds of Lewisham police raided over 50 homes in a South Africa style operation. Over 60 black youngsters were hauled out of bed.' Copies of *Flame* and *Socialist Worker* alleging brutality are with the DPP pending a possible action for criminal libel so the charges cannot be detailed but many concern the alleged tendency of police in the raid to break down doors in preference to more conventional methods of entering private houses like ringing the bell.

The SWP chose as their slogan 'Police are the *real* muggers' which implied a good deal more about the defendants' offences than their charges of conspiracy to steal and loitering with intent. 'Mugging' has become a synonym for black crime and for the people of Lewisham who faced 500 cases of street robbery last year the SWP could not have picked a worse selection of words for gaining popular support. The National Front cheerfully daubed out 'police' and substituted 'blacks'. NF South East London organiser Peter Williams once said: 'Tell the SWP to keep up the good work. If we had the money we'd pay them to do just what they're doing now.'

The case first became news when Kim Gordon, 21, the son of a Manchester journalist and a Guyanese teacher, spoke to Prince Charles outside a black youth club he was visiting. Kim Gordon detailed the allegations of brutality and the Prince suggested a meeting between the police and the defence committee. Police Commander Douglas Randall agreed to a meeting where he would speak to the families of defendants.

When it took place, Douglas Randall and three of his colleagues were confronted by Kim Gordon, Norma Hundleby and David Foster, who arrived an hour late. Before the meeting Kim Gordon said: 'If people think there is any point in meeting policemen we're here to prove there isn't. We want to know why there is continued harassment of the black community despite the apologetic nature of Commander Randall when Prince Charles was around.'

Unsurprisingly, the meeting was not a success; but the encounter with Prince Charles opened a deep division between committee members. David Foster was for writing to Prince Charles and the Jamaican High Commissioner asking them to intercede. The SWP favoured demonstrations. At the defence committee's first large demonstration on 2 July only David Foster had a direct connection with the Lewisham 21. The rest of the 300 marchers were SWP members or sympathisers. The next demonstration, on 23 July, included two defendants who had recently been allowed out on bail after application to a judge in chambers. At no time were more than two defendants actively involved in the defence committee.

The committee finally fell apart because of ex-policeman David Foster's objection to the underhand activities of the SWP. He claimed they had been using an unofficial address to issue letters to defendants' families calling for a picket of the court; using the same address to send out collection sheets for donations; cutting short a meeting where a resolution they did not agree on might be passed and squatting in the name of the defence committee in a house in New Cross.

The SWP had some successes. One of the two defendants, a 16-year-old, spoke to an audience of 600 in Lewisham Concert Hall and I remember wondering whether his schoolteachers had ever given him the confidence to speak like that. The other convert was present when the SWP 'occupied' Downham Job Centre and he stood outside, speaking through a megaphone about unemployment.

It is doubtful whether the SWP can count on continuing to make 'conversions'. Perhaps the trouble has been that their motives were too overt. Like the C of E's social missionaries of the early 20th century, they came bearing the word – but the Boy's Club Brigade at least promised charity. All the SWP seemed to offer was their own doctrine; from the intellectuals to the deprived.

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Paul Johnson

Farewell to the Labour Party

'We are all socialists now.' Sir William Harcourt, generally credited with these words, said in his 1893 Budget speech that he could not remember uttering them. He did not know what 'socialism' meant, other than the vague aim to act in the interests of the people as a whole. Who can do better than Sir William? What *is* socialism? Can Callaghan define it satisfactorily? Can Foot? Not to my knowledge. If it is simply the public ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange, then we have it in Soviet Russia and a score of other state-capitalist tyrannies; and who wants that? In part of Africa there is a new kind of black socialism almost indistinguishable from barbarism; as Shaw used to say, taunting Kingsley Martin, 'What is so socialist about cutting off people's genitals?' Or, if socialism is about equality, as Gaitskell in his muddled way used to think, how do we answer Karl Popper's point that the pursuit of equality, if ruthless enough, is certain to extinguish democracy? One's reason, intuition and the facts of recent history support Popper. And one has only to read the papers to discover that, with democracy gone, new hierarchies and inequalities rapidly emerge.

The name socialist, then, can mean anything – or nothing. It is what a party does in power which matters. How does one act in the general interest? This is where most people who call themselves socialists go astray, for they assume that the furtherance of the general interest implies collectivism. I believe the exact opposite. Not only, in a negative sense, does socialism – properly understood – insist that the individual must be politically and economically free, but it should also, in a positive sense, give meaning and richness to that freedom. In the 1920s the Viennese socialists, by most accounts a singularly gifted group of idealists, later scattered or murdered, used to proclaim quite simply that they believed in 'the liberation of mankind'. And by this they meant not only the end of tyrannies and colonialism but the inner liberation of each individual spirit. The point was noted by Trotsky before the Stalinist darkness closed in: 'The working class has suffered not from an excess but an atrophy of individualism.' I remember discussing this subject with Aneurin Bevan, who never made the mistake, except sometimes in anger on a public platform, of seeing socialism in terms of class warfare and vast categories. People, he said, were not given equality of brains or physique, but each had a unique personality and the object of a socialist society was to enable each to unleash or realise it. So the political process was not about equality and collectivism, but about individuals and freedom. The enemy was the advocate of compulsion and its mainspring, dogma. Socialism was an aspect of civilisation, as he saw it, and he defined the essence of civilisation as 'imaginative tolerance', to him the true mark of a civilised mind.

It was Bevan's lot to be committed throughout his political life to the Labour movement. It was not a matter of choice or intellectual conviction. He did not join it. He was born into it. It was like belonging to a race or a tribe. But then in Bevan's day, and in part through his efforts, Labour could accommodate a gigantic individualism such as his. It is true that Labour began, in 1900, as the mere parliamentary voice of trade unionism. Its origins were thus collectivist. But after the catastrophe of 1931 a new party was born. Labour emerged from its trades union carapace and in the Thirties and Forties exercised an increasing national appeal to an infinite variety of individuals who, in one form or another, saw it as the custodian of individual freedom and self-expression. Unemployed, oppressed workers, militant women, pacifists, teachers and educationalists, prison reformers, homosexuals, writers, artists, opponents of censorship, cranks and religious weirdies, puritans and free-lovers, Quakers and atheists, ordinary working men who dreamed dreams and, together with them, the bulk of the educated middle class – the richness of human idiosyncracy and the whole spectrum of civilised mankind belonged. In 1951 Labour scored over 13 million votes, the highest total in British history, and this after six painful and difficult years in office – proof that its bounds were wide enough to accommodate the whole nation and an infinity of individuals. This was the party I joined. The authoritarian elements were also there, true enough, as Bevan frequently reminded us, in the disciplinary procedures of the parliamentary party and, still more, in the union block votes and the men who wielded them. But such restraints were balanced by the movement's capacity to tolerate awkward members and (so it seemed) by its genuine commitment to liberty. In those days it was the Conservatives who stood for conformity.

When did it all begin to go wrong? I caught the first whiff of disaster in the spring of 1969, when the Wilson government and (as later events showed) Wilson himself, were broken on the wheel of trade union power. The legislation foreshadowed by *In Place of Strife* was unsatisfactory in a number of ways but it was plainly motivated by the laudable desire to curb the political and economic power of huge collective forces manipulated by small groups of men. As such its aim was libertarian and individualistic. The projected Bill was destroyed by a conspiracy of cynics, defeatists and trade union authoritarians, inside and outside the cabinet – a cabinet which, as Wilson himself told me at the time, 'turned yellow' at the crucial point. It was no accident that the conspiracy was led by Jim Callaghan: his first, decisive step on the road to Number Ten. I say Wilson himself was broken by this episode because, it seems to me, he was never quite the same man after he experienced, as he put it, 'Hughie Scanlon's tanks on my front lawn'. Few people are prepared to meet a Waterloo twice. When, to his surprise, the Tories' own entanglement with the unions flung him back into office in 1974, he was no longer prepared to fight the TUC barons. He allowed Foot to negotiate the surrender terms and, thereafter, watched with growing lassitude the collectivist element take over the party. No one to this day knows quite why Wilson resigned. But I suspect that disgust at the way things were going played a part in it. Wilson, with all his faults, once had liberal roots, a perky individualistic spirit of his own, and a genuine reluctance to see people pushed around. Lacking the will and the power to reverse the trend, he may have concluded that a collectivist party should be led by those who believe in authoritarianism, and so made way for Callaghan – whose type Francis Bacon had in mind when he wrote: 'Nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.'

In the meantime the unions had been given the 'closed shop' as part of the surrender. For me this was the turning-point in my loyalty to the party. For whatever the private reservations of certain cabinet minister and backbenchers – and some of them, I know, hate it as much as I do myself – they united without public dissent to legalise the closed shop. It became the Mark of Cain, blazed on the party's forehead. It was what the party now stood for: the right of union bureaucrats and bullyboys to coerce individuals into collective conformity, as a prelude to further erosions of human freedom. There might be grounds for argument over *In Place of Strife*. The events of winter 1973-4, when the triumphant miners trampled over the prostrate body of Ted Heath, are open to a variety of legitimate interpretations. But there can be no doubt about the closed shop. I know it in my intellect, I feel it in my bones. It is, in all circumstances, and whatever the specious justifications of time, place and convenience, morally wrong. It is wrong in the sense that imprisonment without trial is wrong, and conviction without due process. It hands over the individual to the mercy of the kangaroo court and the menace of the militant shop-floor mob.

One reason why I joined the Labour Party was that I believed it stood by the helpless and persecuted, and by the angular nonconformist who – wrongheadedly perhaps – reserved the right to think for himself. Labour's closed shop legislation represented a historic shift in its doctrinal loyalties, from the beleaguered individual

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to the grinning triumph of the field-grey regiment. I, and others, found ourselves deceived. Where now was Bevan's 'imaginative tolerance'?

Moreover, the closed shop opened the road to the corporate state, in a peculiarly British version which proceeds by imperceptible gradations rather than a sudden *coup d'état*. With the handover from Wilson to Callaghan, the tone, attitudes and language of the party began to change. For Callaghan had never made any secret of where he thought the party's emphasis should rest: 'The Labour movement,' he said in 1955, in an attack on Bevan, 'would never have reached the peaks and heights of power unless we had been prepared to subordinate our individualism to our socialism.' Of course in this respect he merely echoed the voice of the union bosses, few of whom have ever believed in liberty and democracy as they are commonly understood in free societies. Recently, debating with Hugh Scanlon on TV, I was saddened but not surprised to hear him assert, as his bedrock article of faith: 'Liberty, in my view, is conforming to majority opinion.' And we all know how, in our rotting union structures, such 'majorities' are created and maintained. Scanlon conceded that a religious crank might be permitted to escape the closed shop but, asked about other objections of principle, replied: 'I do not know what others there can be.' Here is a man, speaking on behalf of the trade union movement, who cannot conceive of a secular political conscience, for whom nonconformity and individualism are illegitimate. A man after the heart of Callaghan, Foot and the new Labour Party.

Corporatist Vernacular

For the party has taken over the collectivist philosophy of the union bosses. In one of his TV broadcasts, Callaghan let slip the phrase (if my memory serves) 'each one of you in your unions'. This is the corporatist vernacular. A man has political existence, and the right to indicate his views, not as an individual voter but as a trade unionist, and solely through the mechanism of his collective. Business is tidier that way, when the state simply arbitrates between huge, anonymous categories of men and women. Those who do not fit in, who, for one reason or another, do not have a union card, or the right union card, become non-persons and, if awkward, enemies of the state. This was what Mussolini believed, taking his example from the compulsory corporations of imperial Rome in its decadence; and, in turn, Hitler and Franco and the score or more communist despots who, today, hold down a third of the world in corporatist societies.

We see the corporatist drift in the manifest preference of Callaghan, Healey and their colleagues for determining policy not in the arena of Parliament which with all its limitations still reflects the political individualism of the ballot box, but in secret and unrecorded talks with union leaders, and sometimes with the capitalist bosses. We see the drift again in the 'findings' of the pro-Government majority in the Bullock Report, whose terms of reference were rigged in advance and whose corporatist conclusions – that 'industrial democracy' should be operated solely through and by the trade union bureaucrats – were therefore predictable. Anyone in the Labour Party who does not like the corporate state has one of two choices. They can seek fresh pastures outside British politics – and there has been a steady drift of MPs that way, to the EEC, to television, to academia. Or he or she can conform. But mere conformity is not enough. To get on, positive enthusiasm must be demonstrated, rather as, in the 16th-century, recusants were obliged to take the Anglican sacrament in public, and heretics driven to confess their errors in the streets, wearing white paper caps. So we find Shirley Williams and others trooping to the Grunwick demo, like broken butterflies, to express their sincere support for trade union extremism. The surrender is clinched by Labour's manipulation of the legal process, whereby Common Law or statutory barriers against union tyranny are progressively dismantled or, when necessary, legal safeguards which protect the individual are simply not enforced.

Chill Waters

Corporatism is carrying Labour into strange and chilly waters. The party's emotional origins lie, in great part, in the outraged protest against the mass anonymity of industrialism, the intrinsic inhumanity of drumming thousands of individuals into vast factories. Socialist pioneers, whether Chartists, or disciples of William Morris, or angry Clydesiders, loathed the colossal scale of the capitalist world, which dwarfed the workers. But it is of the essence of corporatism that the units must be large. And it is of the essence of modern union bureaucracy that workers are easier to control in big factories, where the organised, militant clique rules all. So Labour ministers and union bosses are united in their up-ending of Labour's old posture. Both loathe the small business and the little workshop, and penalise them viciously; both exhibit a positive hatred for the self-employed, who cannot be unionised or corporatised at all. As one chairman of the TUC put it, it must be made impossible for self-employment to exist. So the thrust of Labour policy is now to crowd everyone into the giant firm – whether publicly or privately owned is a detail – where they can be dealt with and disciplined more easily. This real but concealed approach by Labour creates precisely the inhuman bigness once so trenchantly attacked in Chaplin's *Modern Times* and Orwell's *1984*.

Of course you cannot crush individuals without destroying creativity too. Labour is now the anti-creative party. Its leaders, for instance, classify the self-employed as tax-dodgers; to the corporatists they are 'social enemies', to be stamped out of existence. But the self-employed include scientists and inventors, writers and musicians, painters and sculptors, men and women who make films and TV programmes, design ballets and write songs – the essential creators who keep civilisation going. There is no room for them in the new Labour Party. On the contrary, it is increasingly composed at both the parliamentary and the constituency level of those who have never made anything in their lives, by hand *or* brain. Have you ever studied the kind of jobs advertised in, say, *New Society*? There they all are, Labour's mercenary army: the burgeoning bureaucrats of expanded local and central government; the new breed of 'administrators' who control schools, hospitals and even the arts; sociology lecturers and others on the fringe of the higher education afflatus; so-called social workers with their glib pseudo-solutions to non-problems. With this tribe aboard, Labour has lost its secure anchorage in the wealth-creating sector of the nation and is drifting to sea in a swell of sterility.

The Party of Envy

Even in the creative world, the pressure to conform is on. It is no secret that the closed shop in journalism has been particularly welcomed by the envious and incapable. No writer or editor of real talent wants to impose the NUJ on the unwilling or supports the ruinous strikes mounted to coerce them. The pattern is repeated in films, TV, the theatre. It is fear of the free play of brains, the consciousness of inferiority, the hatred of the energetic and the successful which inspires extremism in these professions. We should modify Shaw: he who can, does; he who cannot becomes a trade union militant. There is, for instance, a grisly little plot to form a closed shop of writers for the state theatres. Successful playwrights whose work is not exclusively determined by the sectarian politics of the extreme Left are vigorously opposed to it. One of our leading playwrights told me 'If the scheme goes through I will never write another word. I would rather earn my living as an unskilled labourer than submit to those bastards.'

How has Labour thus succeeded in alienating the creative and constructive, the talented and wealth-producers? Why has it become a repository of destructive envy and militant failure, a party of green-eyed monsters? The answer is that Labour has starved itself of intellectual nourishment and the stimulus of debate. The Wilson years shrouded it in a false ecumenicism; the quest for compromise at any cost, just for the sake of a spurious unity, brought emasculation and the peace of the grave. Once, the great debates of the 1950s between Bevan and Gaitskell revealed differences and posed alternatives. As Bevan said, the party was not a corpse to be dissected but a living, breathing body. It would die if theoretical thinking were neglected. Labour must use its brains to pursue what he called 'the grand design'. We needed 'lamps for our feet or we shall stumble.' The internal debate, however erosive, was a necessary function of growth, what Darwin, in the final chapter of the *Origin of Species*, calls the 'struggle for existence leading to the preservation of each profitable deviation'. No such struggle is now articulated. Reading *The First Fabians*, recently published by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie, I am reminded of the astonishing breadth of the intellectual debate amidst which Labour was born, the rich variety of the contending views, and the atmosphere of high moral seriousness in which

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LOVE FOR LYDIA is the story of a girl whose innocence and wilfulness create havoc and torment in the lives of those around her. Tenderness explodes into violence, happiness ends in tragedy.

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they were put forth. But Labour was then a nonconformist party wedded to individualism. Today the takeover by the trade union bosses has brought theoretical argument to a full stop and replaced it by mere raucous assertion – and by the Scanlonesque doctrine of 'conforming to majority opinion'. Callaghan was the natural choice to preside over such an empty sepulchre.

Crude Marxists

It was inevitable that the Marxists should fill Labour's intellectual vacuum. For in the Sixties and early Seventies, thanks to the reckless and unbalanced way in which higher education was expanded, Marxism enjoyed a meretricious revival in the guise of social science. To frail-minded inquirers, and to those born to believe but lacking religious faith, it offers glib answers. It was the last thing Labour needed, for it is not only a non-science but an anti-science. Marxism closes, rather than opens, debate; its constant osmosis – the sure sign of invalid theory – means that it cannot be falsified within its own terms of reference; and, as Einstein showed when replacing Newtonian cosmology with a new hypothesis, falsifiability is the decisive characteristic of any theory about the real world. Jacques Monod, the Nobel prizewinner and biochemist, whose book *Chance and Necessity* seeks to relate political theory to our expanding knowledge of life processes, is right to insist that Marxism is a caricature of science; it lacks the ethics of scientific discovery no less than a true theory of knowledge – to Monod the essential basis of socialism. In fact Marxism is a form of animism, for it invests 'forces', real or imaginary, with life. Hence it cannot be satisfactorily 'revised' or adopted in part for its 'insights', as many social democrats foolishly suppose; it must be rejected *in toto* as a paralysing disease of the intellect and of our moral sensibilities.

Alas, Labour has never been able or willing to throw out Marxism bodily; it has always held there must be *something* in it. Such feeble resistance as it once offered has been overwhelmed, and the crudest kind of Marxists now roam through the party at all levels. Battered by Marxists from below and the trade union bosses from above, the slender structure of reason which Labour once possessed has collapsed in ruins. Or, to vary the metaphor, Labour's intellectual development has slowed to a halt like an exhausted glacier, leaving pools of melted ice and terminal moraines – slagheaps of abusive clichés still feebly voiced amid the silent desolation: 'Elitist!, Middle-Class Values!' and so forth. Needless to say, when reason flies violence takes over; and Labour's new masters, the Marxists and the union satraps, form a unique combination for promoting it. Marxism is a form of secular prophecy equipped with a methodology of violence if it fails; and British unionism has repeatedly demonstrated in recent years that it will use brute force if the simple strike weapon falters.

Where, then, does a Labour government, representing this captured movement, stand? Of course it does not stand anywhere at all. It compromises. It meets violence half way. It tries to rationalise and legitimise force. It lets it be known that to invoke the law against the unions would be more trouble than it is worth. Some members of the cabinet are wealthy men who expect the police to protect their extensive properties in the salubrious areas where they choose to live. But the government attitude to law enforcement becomes much more ambivalent when the police are obliged to operate, in a political context, in slum areas like Lewisham and Ladywood. The growth of a fascist Left, led by increasingly professional street-fighters, fills ministers with fear and indecision. The Marxist-fascists find friends, admirers and supporters not only in Labour constituency parties, some of which they control, not only in the National Executive and the Parliamentary Party, but in the Government itself. Ministers cannot advocate the stringent measures necessary to subdue left-wing violence without making powerful enemies and risking their constituency nominations. So they are silent. Moreover, there is a belief in the Labour Party that where, as in the Grunwick dispute, management appears in a particularly objectionable and unreasonable light, violence on the picket line is thereby justified. So it is an axiom of government policy that if trades unionists use violence ministers simply avert their gaze; or, indeed, give it moral support by ostentatiously joining the pickets, to curry favour with the extremists.

Fatal Compromise

One of the clearest lessons of history is that compromise with violence is fatal. Once some degree of violence is accepted there is absolutely no point at which the line can be drawn and the slide to savagery arrested. The whole emphasis of British political theory, from Hobbes and Locke onwards, is that politics is a substitute for violence, a higher and more sophisticated answer to the problems of resolving conflicts of view. It is astonishing that the British Labour movement, whose original aim was to civilise industrial society, should repudiate this tradition, turn again to the dark past and harbour the thugs. Nor will the men of violence be content with the mere patronage of Labour. They are on the march. Violence feeds on its triumphs over the law. Labour's leaders may think that beastliness of a picket line is acceptable. But violence is an evil continuum which begins with the inflammatory verbal pursuit of class war, continues with Grunwick and the lawless use of union power, progresses to the knives, clubs and acid-bombs of Lewisham and Ladywood, and then – as we may well fear – rapidly accelerates into full-blooded terrorism, with firearms, explosives and an utter contempt for human life. This is where the Labour Party is heading. It has already embraced corporatism, which ultimately must mean the end of parliamentary democracy. But corporatism *plus* violence is infinitely worse. It is fascism; left-wing fascism maybe, marxist-fascism if you like, but still fascism all the same.

Naturally this progressive abandonment by Labour of its fundamental political ethics has led to demoralisation. Having no rational ideology, bereft of a sense of purpose, terrified of the electors, Labour in Parliament is ceasing to be a party, honourably organised to secure clearly defined public objects, and has become a mere faction, with office as its sole aim. Cynicism and corruption have taken over. The Government has bought the Liberal's votes, and is now bargaining with the Ulster Unionists. In the Tammany world it inhabits, everything can be bought and sold. The ripples of cynicism spread outwards from Downing Street to embrace the Departments and Parliament. Ordinary people see nationalised industries simply as legal conspiracies against the public To ministers they are a never-ending source of patronage, part of an immense system of jobs-for-the-boys, operated with all the ruthlessness of a Walpole. There may be 1,600,000 unemployed in the sticks but in ministerial quarters there are plenty of plushy berths to be filled. Quangos, life-peerages, honours and baubles of all kinds flow in steady profusion to Labour benefactors, businessmen with good connections on the Left, pliant academics, well-disposed newspaper executives, friends of friends of friends, relatives, hangers-on, fixers, little men who find it inconvenient to be photographed, all the bit-players and spear-carriers of that grubby and interminable farce, *Labour in Office*.

Record of Catastrophe

Where will it all end? For the decaying rump of the Labour Party it will end, I suspect, in electoral catastrophe, reflecting an unparalleled record of economic failure. I can see the voters echoing Cromwell's words to another demoralised faction: 'Ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole Nation. You were deputed here by the People to get Grievances redressed, and are yourselves become the greatest Grievance.' For me personally, the issue is not primarily political but moral. As Labour has drifted into collectivism, I have come to appreciate, perhaps for the first time in my life, the overwhelming strength of my own attachment to the individual spirit. The paramount need to keep it alive, I now see, is so great as to override any other public principle whatever. Studying the past has persuaded me that the emergence of the individual is the first, decisive step in any civilisation. Recently I have been working a good deal on the history of Ancient Egypt. There, in that overwhelmingly totalitarian society, a social miracle occurred when the pristine belief that the Pharaoh encompassed the collective soul of the nation gradually yielded to the conviction that all men and women possessed individual natures, and that each played a unique role in the moral order. A great archaeologist called this development 'the dawn of conscience'. The individual conscience is the most precious gift humanity possesses. A political creed which respects it – whatever evil it may otherwise do or stand for – is inherently healthy, for it contains within it a self-correcting mechanism. But in a system of belief where conscience is collectivised, there is no dependable barrier along the highway which ultimately may lead to Auschwitz and Gulag. I do not intend to travel even one miserable inch along that fearful road.

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London Diary

☐ From a distance, the Baader-Meinhof gang seems to have only a staccato existence, emerging sporadically from the shadows to kill or kidnap, and then being swallowed up by the darkness again. In fact this is a misleading picture. The score of prisoners themselves are busy all the time arguing, fist-fighting, disputing legal points, writing long articles. Those in the special jail in Frankfurt were recently on hunger strike for some weeks; every three days or so they were taken out to hospital, strapped down, and fed intravenously. One Holgar Meins was enough for the authorities (it was in revenge for his death by starvation that the Public Prosecutor was killed in April). Hardly surprising, though, that 80 per cent of the population think the sooner his friends go the same way, the better. There are plenty of theories why the 'Red Army Faction' came into existence in the first place – the legacy of Hitler, the even older legacy of German authoritarianism. But none of them explains how, after seven years of increasing isolation (nothing remains of the original support from the conventional Left), there should still be so much energy inside the jails, and so much murderous anger on the prisoners' behalf, beyond the gates.

☐ In other places, the business of horror is conducted more discreetly, even if being on the receiving end is always the same. This week we received a copy of a leaflet mistakenly delivered to a reader in Cape Town. It comes from the 'Friends of Rhodesia – Western Cape' and is a fund-raising effort, 'to provide assistance . . . in combating these vile specimens of the human race, if we can call them human!' And it lists 'Forthcoming Anti-Terrorist Functions' – a bridge drive with 'prizes and a super tea', a Honda motor-cycle competition, and a 'UDI cake sale'. How very cosy. How civilised. How far from the frontier, where African peasants are systematically beaten up, and worse, on suspicion of knowing where guerrilla forces may be – or just for fun. What a comfort it must all be to the men mentioned in the report of the Catholic Institute for International Relations like Mr F. S., in hospital for five weeks after a beating with a car belt, or Mr P. M., in hospital for nine weeks after soldiers poured 15 cups of boiling beer over his head and shoulders.

☐ It would be interesting to know how many people are as shocked by the way paedophiles are currently being treated, as they would be if it happened to any other minority. Until recently it has been quite acceptable, even in 'liberal' circles, to disapprove strongly of paedophilia. (The word itself is new to most people.) It was this disapproval which led to the heart-searching within the gay movement whether or not to adopt paedophiles' rights as a cause, since no one else would give them a hearing. I personally think the decision to do so was wrong, and particularly damaging to gays who may disapprove of sex with children just as much as most straight people do. But am I supposed to change my mind now that paedophiles are being banned from hotels, and forbidden to discuss their feelings unless they admit that they are wrong? Shall I feel, in five or ten years' time, that I was wrong to be disgusted? Or isn't worrying about that angle the worst kind of radical chic? I shall certainly continue to despise their sexism. Almost all articulate paedophiles seem to be boy-lovers. I once had an acrimonious run-in with some who wanted to plead their cause in the NEW STATESMAN. It all went well until I tried to explain that I was worried about the effect on little *girls*. Frankly, they didn't give a damn.

☐ There was the predictable 'flood of calls' to the BBC when they showed the new British Rail film designed to discourage children from using the tracks as some kind of unsupervised adventure playground. It was predictable because the BBC had previously warned *Nationwide* viewers, at some length, that they might find it upsetting – even though it was made specifically for showing in primary schools. I didn't think it was particularly shocking, though I gather from friends that children aged between six and ten did find it distressing. But finding it distressing is not the same as getting the message, and the film did seem to me to contain one basic flaw. Adults. Adult characters, that is, encouraging the children to play on the railway – games-teacher types. It was a bit bewildering even for adult viewers. Nowadays it's accepted that in order to warn children of dangers – from madmen to motor cars – you must make the situation instantly recognisable. This well-meaning effort began as fantasy, and remained just that.

☐ I don't know why it should seem odd that a man who spent the last 20 years of his working life as economic adviser to the Coal Board should end up as a mystic. Somehow it does seem strange but no doubt Ernst Schumacher, who died this week, would simply interpret that as further evidence of the numbing effect of modern industrial society. He will be remembered as the man who coined the phrase 'small is beautiful', which is also of course the title of his most famous book. He has left behind another, which is due out from Cape at the end of the month: *A Guide for the Perplexed*. It's a difficult book about levels of awareness, and I wasn't helped by the use of algebraic terms. But some of the ideas have the dazzling simplicity which attracted Schumacher's earliest readers: for instance, that it takes *fraternité* to reconcile the opposing concepts of *liberté* and *egalité*. And although it is intended as a meditative, metaphysical work, it also has some of Schumacher's well-known briskness. He complains, for instance, of the tendency to see everything in terms of 'problems' to be solved. If that were correct, he says sharply, we would be running out by now. There'd be a world shortage of problems.

☐ One of the depressing things about the 'Woman Question' is the way successive generations seem to start out all fresh and full of hope, only to become bogged down in self-pity and double-think. It may be inevitable: there certainly seems to be a recurring pattern. There is always, for instance, one group which breaks away into a world of politics not dominated by gender. (Often, but not always, revolutionary politics. See the young Russian women of a century ago, who moved from feminist meetings to factory jobs and assassination plots.) Others, for whom it is all a passing youthful phase, just drift away. Those who remain carry on the old debate about whether the world owes them, as mothers and housekeepers, a living. I'm all for extending the principle of family allowances, but against the 'Wages for Housework' campaign. It is a prime example of wanting to have it both ways: i.e. housework is so boring and exploitative that women should be paid for doing it – but don't think that just by paying us you will make us hand over any part of our martyr's crown. Genuine feminists don't believe that there should be any situations in which women are totally dependent on men. So if anyone was laughing at *Spare Rib*'s main feature this month, they can kindly stop. It was an excellent piece by a 'feminist plumber' on how to mend your own loo.

☐ Everyone has lately seemed so determined to save those two Stubbs paintings ('Haymakers' and 'Reapers') for the nation, or at any rate for the Tate, that I went to look. I suppose anything about which there has been quite so much ballyhoo is bound to be disappointing, and I did try not to be Philistine. It didn't work. They are very pretty, but . . . I also know that it's hopeless to expect to understand art prices, but I would like to know why someone thinks these two are worth £774,000. Why not a round million, come to that? I churlishly refused to contribute to the appeal, though I did buy a couple of raffle tickets. The first prize is a Mini and if I win I shall sell it and buy a horse.

Corinna Adam

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The BBC, Mrs Wright recalled, once tried to establish pronunciations, even publishing lists in *Radio Times*. But there was such disagreement that the experiment was withdrawn and the chairman of the BBC Speech Advisory Panel, Bernard Shaw, remarked: 'If the announcer can produce the impression that he is a gentleman, he may pronounce as he pleases.' – *The Times* (Humphrey Swingler)

☐ Owing to a printing error in our 29 July issue, a story about Waltham Forest social service teams carried a headline referring to 'wasters' instead of 'workers'. We apologise to social services' staff for the slip. – *Waltham Forest Guardian* (Caroline Southey)

☐ Judge David West-Russell said that a training centre was not the place for a man who took a Lotus car and crashed it. He would be sentenced to a total of 15 months imprisonment and he would be disqualified for three years. – *Express* (Malcolm Hulke)

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Robert Giddings

Strange Interlude

The nation may have been enjoying its own national jubilee, but I celebrate this year a personal jubilee of my own. It is 25 years since they let me out. I had been in hospital since 1946, when I was 11. That was the year I got polio. It happened during the summer holiday just before I was due to go to grammar school. I came out in a wheelchair. My brother came out of the Dragoon Guards at the same time, after years of service as a musician and he too was looking for a job. We were in this thing together.

The hospital almoner had fixed it all up. I was to go to the Industrial Rehabilitation Unit near where I lived. I had just been issued with an invalid carriage and could just about manage to crawl in and fold my chair up and strap it beside me, so I could get in and out to 'work' each day. The establishment aimed to rehabilitate ex-servicemen and long-term hospital patients after discharge. It was planned to simulate industrial conditions so that we de-socialised ex-hermits could gradually get used to the idea of working for our livings. A kind of assault course for industrial man, you might say. It was pretty realistic too – prison-like in appearance, with 'workshops', 'offices', a 'canteen' and even a 'time-keeper'.

Each Monday there was a 'new intake' and along with the other rookies I found myself collecting my overalls from the store and pushing myself along to the 'new intake' shop for assessment. This proved to be in the form of a series of tests which included cutting various metal shapes to fit into other metal shapes and – inevitably – an intelligence test. We were also interviewed by various worthies, including the unit manager (a former publican), the vocational adviser (a failed chicken farmer) and the resident psychologist (a glum career-oriented graduate).

Paralysis of the arm severely limited my chances of excelling in any practical tests involving wood or metal and the intelligence test exercised its expected effects on my brain. It was divided into two parts, one assumes designed to test verbal and numeric ability. Why word association should be associated with intelligence, or what the possession of a vast knowledge of words opposite in meaning to any given list, is supposed to indicate is beyond me. But in fact I usually find these sections quite fun, and a kind of mental dottiness throws up some really eccentric flights of associative fancy. Given a list of words such as gold, rhubarb, fingers, marinet, burden, rainbow etc. etc. and then asked to pick another word from an accompanying list to go with any three in the first list, I sit in a Coleridgean daze for hours. The numeracy questions invariably pose some tedious problem with needless elaboration to which there is really a simple and obvious answer – the illustration-shown-is-of-a-clock-upside-down-reflected-in-a-mirror-it-is-ten-minutes-slow – what-is-the-real-time? Well, I mean, the obvious thing to do is to call the GPO's speaking clock. Clearly, I did not gain a very good score.

My week in the new intake came to an end. On the Saturday morning (industry worked a five-and-a-half day week in those days) I arrived in my overalls and collected my tool kit together and joined the others in rows behind the work benches waiting to be told what courses we had all been allotted to on the basis of our week's assessment. The supervisor began to read out the list of names and destinations. 'Mr Burbage – Carpentry Shop. Mr Butler – Mechanical Engineering Shop. Miss Cox – Education Department. Mr Ferris – Gardening Section. Miss Floyd – Hairdressing . . .' The names continued and by the time he had reached 'McDonald' I realised that, whether called or chosen, I had certainly not been named. I was called into the office at the end of the performance. The boss of the new intake was a tall, yellow-faced man who smoked a lot. Indoor and outdoors he always wore a trilby. He paused for a moment while he searched in his warehouse coat pocket for cigarettes and matches. Confidence thus restored, he addressed me. 'Well, Mr Giddings . . . we are not quite sure what to do with you . . . The assessment reports and supervisors' recommendations do not . . . ah . . . clarify the matter . . . So it has been suggested that you should stay on another week in New Intake, with a day spent here and there in some of the various shops so we can really find something . . . ah . . . suitable for you . . .'

I was dumbfounded. So were my mum and dad when I got home and told them. My brother had not been doing too well either, and no doubt they'd expected something hopeful in my case to cheer things up. He'd been speedily sent by the employment people to an expert who dealt in ex-servicemen. After days of form-filling, interviews and waiting nothing had come of it. They were looking for something really suitable, they said. It came in the end and they telephoned him, offering him the job of a butter packer in the Home and Colonial Stores. His service abroad was, no doubt, an added recommendation.

Well, I had my second week in new intake. It was better than the first. Bearing in mind the brevity of a generation in this section, I was an old hand when I clocked in on Monday I knew which tests were coming up and helped the new-comers cope. There was no need, I pointed out, for them to make the complete test pieces. I undertook to find enough of last week's scrapped odds and ends for us to piece together some pretty impressive completed test items whenever the supervisor's back was turned. That intake was considered among the most capable that ever passed through. Meanwhile I was having a great time. A day spent in Mechanical Engineering, where I had to get into very difficult overalls only to be told by the supervisors, 'Don't you go any where near *any* of those machines son! Leave them severely alone. If you got caught up, we'd never get you out.' I spent the whole day reading newspapers and waiting for the next tea break. Clearly, I did not have the makings of an engineer. Also I was a failure in the gardening, wood-making and hairdressing lines. At the end of the week I'd had my hair cut twice (in the same day) and seen a film about iron casting four times. My assessment at the end of the week was that I should be dispatched to the 'Education Department'.

This turned out to be something of a misnomer, despite the rows of desks and the blackboard, not much schooling went on here. The supervisor was not interested in anything except getting a better job for himself and used to devote all his energies to that end. His spare time he spent busily and obviously doing the *Telegraph* crossword. Having completed as much as he could manage he would walk up and down the rows muttering the remaining clues to his star pupils in the hope they could help him. 'Good morning! Twice round the crooked sailor's pillar box – five – three – seven T blank, blank, blank – g?' Here I spent the remaining weeks of my three months at £5 a week doing Pitman's *Common Sense Arithmetic* (on my own) and typing the staff's billiards engagements.

My brother had left home and gone into industry – well, he had joined one of the brass bands in the Midlands and got a shop-floor job. He had lodgings with a wonderful landlady who rhapsodically produced the most outrageous malapropisms without realising it. 'I don't mind what time you come in, Mr Giddings,' she told him, 'it's quite imperial to me.' Talking of work in the factory she said: 'I used to be employed there, but they made us work like truncheons.' Off to a concert he was chased down the road by her, shouting 'You've forgotten your apache case!' One Friday she was taken to the pictures by her husband to see a Western. The climax of the film came, she told her amazed lodgers, in an Indian camp where the braves 'all danced round the scrotum pole'.

I was not having quite such a jolly time. After several further interviews, including two with their miserably ambitious psychologist, the time came for my final assessment. It was not the task of the unit to find you a job, but mainly to recommend what career you should pursue and, if possible, get you into the government training centre which was next door. Their assessment of my case was brief, you had to admit that: I was physically almost totally unemployable and because I had lost so much schooling I was now ineducable. They recommended that I should report to the local Labour Exchange where there was an expert who looked after the disabled. I called to see him and he took all my particulars and told me he would give me a ring if anything turned up. It didn't.

Weeks of Woodbines and National Assistance followed and then, one afternoon, the local vicar called. He knew I was not religious but he was quite a card and liked a chat and used to call in from time to time, a poor parson but rich in holy thought and work. His advice was to learn something practical – go to the local tech, and do shorthand and typing. I did. After a few weeks the English teacher recommended I do some O Levels. One thing led to another and after 18 months I went up to university to read English Honours. I didn't tell my professor I was ineducable. I left it to him to find out.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Making Do

NS readers, no slouches when it comes to writing letters, were agreeably quick to show their kind appreciation of an article I recently provided, now that electricity charges soar ever upwards, on the subject of alternative sources of power, extolling the virtues of such homely things as cow-pats and wind, not necessarily together. There was, it is true, a correspondent with a Knightsbridge address who wrote regretfully to say that, hunt about as she may, cow-pats in the neighbourhood of Harrods seemed to be few and far between. I, of course, answered at once, and with a ninepenny, reminding her that the justifiably proud telegraphic address of that unrivalled emporium used to be, if memory serves, EVERYTHING, LONDON. She has merely to step inside and head smartly for the Information Desk.

I am happily now in a position to follow up my helpful words on wind-machines and marsh gas and share with you the many good things to be found in two illustrated glossy-backs that have come my way, *Survival Scrapbook 1* (*shelter*) and *Survival Scrapbook 2* (*food*). The compiler is the splendid Stefan Szczelkum, whom, for obvious and euphonius reasons, I will henceforward refer to as Mr S. Survival from what is not made very clear, nor do we know whether the big bang has gone off, but I think we may assume that all buildings have been flattened, gas and electricity are a thing of the past, the baker calls no more, the doors of the Co-op are closed, and we are all managing as best we can on our own home ground and on our own, a real challenge to us here in our remote part of Devon where the average age of the doughty inhabitants is around the 70-mark.

One excitedly turns Mr S's packed pages and instantly the eye is caught and held by a purply-tinted photograph showing a 'dobo' or tree-house for unmarried women in Melanesia. This is clearly the absolutely ideal refuge, apart from a rickety bamboo ladder 30-feet high, for my unmarried Cousin Madge, now a very game 86. She is not Melanesian, but the text indicates that this little hurdle can be surmounted. One of the vital things appears to be choice of tree ('Be sure it is the tree you want to live with'). After Mr S has examined and discarded the possibilities of a vast bird's nest made of dried mud (not, I trust, saliva-bound as with some of our feathered friends), we find Madge installed, after testing the branches by swinging on them, high up in an oak and on a roomy wooden platform thatched with fragrant heather culled from the spacious grounds of 'Myrtlebank'. Thoughtful people, realising the hardship for an octogenarian of periodic and perilous ascents and descents from a tree-house, will now be tactfully wondering how Madge is going to 'manage'. Calm yourselves for this problem has been already foreseen and we have hoisted up with her a 'Porta Pott', which is what its name implies. Madge has only to lower the contraption from time to time on the rope which she has herself plaited from river-gathered rushes and all's to rights again.

Meanwhile here at ground level all is bustle and activity. Of what is luncheon in the tree-house going to consist? Even by Shanks's pony it is the merest step to Teignmouth, where fish abound and could be netted, though here Mr S sounds a mysterious and warning note. 'Beware,' he counsels, 'of fish with flabby skin, slimy gills, box shaped bodies and deep set eyes.' The deepest set eyes that I have ever seen belonged to the Patrick Mahon who chopped up Miss Emily Kaye in a Crumbles bungalow, so perhaps there is something in it. Nor are deep set eyes all. 'The food value of fish meat varies with its physiological state, the most important factor of which is the sexual state of the fish.' Here's a poser. How can one tell? Obliging as MacFisheries' assistants invariably are, one can hardly point to a haddock lying, the picture of innocence, on the slab, lower the voice and lean forward with an embarrassed 'Er, excuse me but . . .'

So for safety's sake we'll forgo fish and settle for something less agitating and here Mr S provides a total bafflement and diversion in the shape of Yin and Yang, neither of them of much practical value to an elderly person perched in a tree. Bang in the middle of the food section, we are told that 'Yin and Yang are the two aims of infinity, absolute oneness, God or the infinite pure expansion'. Then it's back to tuck again, only to find that food has been divided into Yin or Yang. The Yin First XI contains asparagus, mushrooms, yoghurt, wine and bananas, the Yang players countering strongly with carrots, eggs, goat's milk, apples and pheasants. Hopeless to shout up details of Yin and Yang to Madge and ask her to choose, so we just send up a balanced and fully edible meal of *les crudités* (bladder campion, fireweed and marsh woundwort), plankton spread on dawn-baked slices of acorn bread, Chef's Choice *mousse de* grasshopper, seaweed salad, with frogs on horseback as a savoury. Not long after, down whizzes the Porta Pott.

Wherever you look, and with no further references to infinite pure expansion, Mr S provides a handy survival wrinkle. Always take your boots into the sleeping-bag with you. Serious frostbite may be alleviated by placing the affected feet into 'a warm recess of your own, or someone else's armpit or crutch'. A coat fashioned from Chinese rice-straw makes an A-1 mac. When sleeping in the open, avoid rheumatics by choosing a place where cows are known to sleep. If your luck is in, you'll be over a concealed spring which 'generates beneficial spiral forces' and if your luck is really in, the cows won't have lingered long. Remember that wigwams 60 foot long *must* have three-inch uprights. Why not make your very own Wendy house out of laminated newspaper soaked in wall paper paste? Wild boars can be enticed into snares by the sound of the flute (they are especially susceptible to 17th-century composers). If you pretend not to see adult rabbits and just saunter along, humming a tune, a sudden grab may be successful. If you're both peckish and penniless, don't forget that blood donors get free tea and biscuits.

If that last recommendation appears to be a little on the mercenary side, remember that it is survival that we are after. The two volumes are published, at £2.95 and £2.75, by Schocken Books of New York. Mr S sometimes comes up with shocks indeed. 'If you're really down and out, begging will easily produce a living, especially in rich towns.' Yes of course, and survival with it, though whether it will be survival of the fittest is another matter.

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Letters to the Editor

Television and the Public

Sir, Jeremy Potter (NS 2 September) quotes Annan: ITV-2, as recommended by the ITV Companies, would be the easiest and cheapest version of the fourth channel. But in Annan's *very next sentence,* such an ITV-2 is rejected because it guarantees a rating war with the BBC. The companies had predicted to Annan that channel 4 would enable them to raise their audience share from 50 per cent to 60 per cent. As Annan rightly said, how could the BBC accept that? Jeremy Potter foolishly talks of ITV and BBC tolerating 'ten points either side of 50/50'. Let him name one ITV controller who would survive a month of a 40 per cent share!

The truth is that the companies *do not need* a second channel to bolster their audience. All the companies need is to preserve their financial security, and to find room for their spare productive capacity. What *nobody* needs is channel 4 to be run by the dead hand of the ITV network committee. That is why ADP has long argued for channel 4's advertising space to be sold by the companies, for a levy on their income to pay the new channel's costs, for the appointment of an independent controller of channel 4, for his selection of programmes from all sources entirely on merit, and for his schedule to be matched against ITV's by the IBA to avoid programme clashes.

Of course, the Government's income from the present levy would be reduced for several years: almost any version of channel 4 is bound to have the same effect. Jeremy Potter is silly to claim that his ITV-2 would cost the public nothing' – that could only be true if the ITCA paid for it *out of their profits.*

The latest IBA proposals – neatly glossed over by Mr Potter – recognise the need to keep channel 4 from the grasp of the network committee. But the most striking support for ADP's case comes from one of the 'big five' controllers himself, in a submission to the then Minister in 1973. He, too, argued for a levy on the companies, and the appointment of an independent controller: only then 'will it be possible to select programmes strictly on merit, and to build into the system the flexibility the BBC possesses, and which is markedly absent in ITV's schedules'.

Your special issue on broadcasting might have been better balanced ('The Case for ITV-2' *v.* 'The Alternative to ITV-2'!) if you had reproduced that 1973 document rather than printing the same author's fey replies to fictional viewers. Then your readers might have realised that, in unanimously rejecting the ITCA's claims, the Annan Committee had in view not just the OBA, but far more satisfactory versions of ITV-2.

JOHN GLENISTER
President
DAVID ELSTEIN
Vice-President
Association of Directors and Producers
63 West Drive
Harrow Weald, Middx

Sir, In your last issue Phillip Whitehead, in his article 'The Alternative to ITV-2', said about the schedules published by the ITV companies: 'Here were schedules which . . . abandoned that support for a Foundation which had been the token gesture of the submission by the Independent Television Companies Association to Annan.'

I would like to make three points.

(1) The companies' proposals for an Independent Programme Board and for a Foundation financed by themselves were made to the Minister of Posts and Telecommunications in 1973 before the Annan Committee was set up. This the companies did because they recognised in advance of the committee that there was a need for independent producers to have a guarantee outlet on television and a need for wider access to television for community interests.

(2) This submission was incorporated in the companies' evidence to the Annan Committee, unchanged.

(3) The same proposals were endorsed in the companies' submission to the Home Secretary after the publication of the Annan Report, again unchanged.

If Phillip Whitehead does not know these facts, he certainly should.

MARY LUND
General Secretary
Independent Television Companies Association Ltd
52-56 Mortimer Street, W1

Sir, Jeremy Potter in his case for ITV-2 states that 'to use television facilities in order to get a few thousand, and in some cases a few hundred, people through a particular course of study is a grave misuse of a mass medium'. He is entirely wrong. One of the most important uses of television *is* education. What is the grave misuse of this mass medium is that it is used primarily for mere entertainment (films, shows etc.) and pretty poor entertainment at that. Television time sensibly should be divided equally between three areas; education, the broadcasting of current events (from sport to news) with informed comment and entertainment. Three television channels should be sufficient for this.

Mr Potter ventures to prod a sacred cow in criticising the Open University broadcasts. May I do the same? Why should three (or four or five) television channels expect to broadcast simultaneously every day of the week? There is just not enough human creativity to produce entertainment of quality to fill these hours – especially since Mr Potter considers an audience of a few thousand for a fringe interest show would be a misuse of the medium. As a result both the BBC and ITV survive on a diet of old films and cops and robbers. If three or more television companies feel that they must broadcast all the time, then a lot of what they show will be unimaginative and feeble. A solution would be for the channels to close down for an hour or two each day, or even a couple of days each week, when they have nothing worthwhile to broadcast.

GRAEME ASHFORD
5 Murray Court
Manor Road
Twickenham Middx

Sir, It is a pity that among your contributors on broadcasting you could not find anyone who would repeat the fundamental socialist objection to ITV – that the enforced viewing of advertisements is degrading and insulting to the viewer no matter what the quality of the programmes. The basic arguments are as strong now as they were in 1954. I bitterly resent being a captive audience for this mindless consumerism whether before or during the programme. There is not now, and there never was, any such thing as a 'natural break', and it is no use telling me that I do not have to watch because if I switch off during the advertisements there is nothing to tell me when to switch on again.

Therefore as long as advertising on TV is allowed to continue, I for one will stick to BBC-1 and BBC-2 as the best public service system we have (but need they be quite so aggressive in announcing their own forthcoming programmes?) and if anyone asks my opinion on the fourth channel I shall tell them to put up my licence fee and give it to the BBC or any other agency not guided by the profit motive.

JOHN COLLINS
59 Dukes Avenue
London N10

Sir, During my years in the BBC, I was never at any time Director of External Broadcasting, and if Charles Curran had succeeded me in that post in 1967 I should, as the author of the Curran profile seems to believe, only have been Director-General for two years. What crowded years they must have been, full of deadly insults to Mrs Whitehouse and Harold Wilson. It's a pity that I can't remember any of them. Old men notoriously forget, but it certainly seemed much more than two years at the time – and not nearly so simple.

HUGH GREENE
Earl's Hall
Cockfield
Bury St Edmunds

Johnson over Scotland

Sir, I can't remember who coined the memorable remark that 'the English are not only ignorant about Scotland, they are even ignorant of their ignorance', but Paul Johnson certainly displays the truth of it in his article 'Are the Scots all mad?' (NS 26 August). That such ignorance is deliberate, I have no doubt. Ever since the days of T. W H. Crosland's notorious essay *The Unspeakable Scot,* English writers have delighted in indulging in this sort of thing and most intelligent Scotsmen would agree that there is no point in arguing with it. My purpose in writing, therefore, is not to pick up Paul Johnson on the various fictions and misrepresentations that his article contains, but to point out the absurdity of the position that he and others like him have seen fit to take.

Scotland is the most barbarous society in Western Europe. Johnson can admit this, quoting Neal Ascherson (neglecting to mention, of course, that Ascherson supports at least a degree of Scottish self-determination) while appearing unwilling to appreciate that mass unemployment, deplorable housing, atrocious health problems and an ever-escalating rise in the rate of violent crime have all played their part in the current demand for independence. It may not be true that these evils can be laid at the door of an insensitive and inefficient parliamentary system, based in London, but it is patent nonsense to suggest that a very large number of Scottish citizens do not believe that this, in fact, is the case. Against all the facts, and despite his 'many visits' to Scotland, Johnson continues doggedly to believe in the myth of what he calls 'romantic Scots nationalism', suggesting that this is the brush with which the success of the SNP is tarred.

This is dangerous rubbish. The SNP is concerned neither with a Gaelic-speaking Scotland nor with a devolved Assembly. They are not interested either in dreams or the trappings of power, but power itself. They wish Scottish independence for the sole reason that they will be able to run the new state. While this may seem a rather small minded reason for fighting a political campaign, it can hardly be described as romantic – and indeed ought to be eminently understandable. After all, when Westminster has made such a horrendous hash of our affairs, who can blame we Scots for believing that we could hardly do worse ourselves?

All this is straightforward and obvious to anyone living in Scotland today. What I can't

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understand is why a presumably honest and intelligent journalist should attempt to cloud the issue in English minds by writing such misleading drivel. Why, for instance, does he envisage an independent Scotland as 'poor, isolated, inward-looking, provincial, intolerant, cranky and, quite possibly, corrupt' when he can have no excuse for not knowing that that is an exact description of Scotland's present condition?

It is vitally important that English people understand the current Scottish situation. If the Devolution Bill falls again, due to lack of informed English opinion, then there is every danger that there will be a polarisation between the extremes of immediate (and total) independence and hard-line unionism. The result of that could be an urban war which would make Northern Ireland look like a picnic. I cannot believe that Paul Johnson would welcome such a situation – it would be hellishly ironic if anything he had written should turn out to have contributed to it.

DONALD CAMPBELL.

53 Viewforth
Edinburgh

East End Churches

Sir, 'Did the East End, even at its most populous ever fill these enormous buildings?' asks A. J. P. Taylor (London Diary, 19 August). I was vicar of the large parish of St Andrew's Plaistow with its very fine building by Brooks. In 1870 when it was built I understand it was well filled, but in my day, and long before, it was more than half empty, except occasionally for weddings which were always popular in the East End. Not only did all the relatives come but the brides were beautifully dressed; many of them were skilled dressmakers for the West End firms.

One Easter I had fitted in a large number of weddings, giving to each about 30 minutes. As for the rest, I had to marry them in one service on Easter Day. There were six couples. Not only was it difficult to sort out the best man and the many bridesmaids to each couple, but the many guests filled the church to overflowing. Having got through the service and married the right couples, the problem of signing the registers was a major headache.

The only other case of overcrowding in the church was not such a happy event. On the first afternoon when Hitler bombed the Docks the river was ablaze for miles and could be seen clearly from the top window of our vicarage. In the evening when the bombers returned the whole population of Silvertown decided to evacuate themselves northwards to safety, so they came first to Plaistow. I opened the church for them. They all crowded in, babies pets and birds and everything they could carry. We had no water and no light – all had been cut off. In church it was blackness and chaos. In the morning the authorities sent coaches to take the people to safer lodgings. They were taken to a school not so far away. Alas, that evening a bomb was dropped on the school and many of them were killed.

Brooks's church should certainly be preserved; it was not too big for its use then. I have given further details about it in my autobiography to be published by Precision Press next month.

JACK PUTTERILL

43 West Road
Saffron Walden, Essex

Don Juan in Heaven ?

Sir, I feel I must take up Peter Conrad's statement in his theatre review (NS 26 August) that Don Juan in Tirso da Molina is a scurrilous atheist. He is no sort of atheist; he is a juvenile delinquent, probably not a day over 17. His noble relations are constantly excusing his outrageous pranks on the grounds that he is 'going through a phase' and will eventually grow into a sober and useful member of society. Nor, incidentally, is he a womaniser in the usual sense, as his conquests are frequently inspired less by passion than by the desire to score off the ladies' relations – husbands, lovers etc. In the case of the Commendatore's daughter he only wished to get at her because his best friend was besotted by her and he thought it would be a good joke to get in first.

However Juan is a loyal son of the Church throughout. His downfall is his youth; he is headstrong and daring and assured that to a youth of noble blood everything must be permitted. Repentance is for old age; he thinks he has a long life ahead in which to make his peace with God, and cannot be persuaded that there is any urgency about it. And at the last his cry is for a priest to give him absolution.

N. LEGGATT

46 Dumpton Park Drive
Broadstairs

Marathon Men

Sir, In his kindly comments (London Diary, 19 August) on the latest edition of London Transport's *Country Walks* booklet, A. J. P. Taylor raises an interesting point about the length of walks described. Fashions change – even, it appears, in walking. Before the last war, some walks of over 16 miles were listed. In later editions our compiler aimed generally at about 10 to 12 miles but, based on reactions from walkers and walking organisations, there was a further slight shortening.

In 5,000 booklets of the latest edition, a questionnaire card has been enclosed and the results, which are still being analysed, already show that most customers would like the 12-miler back. We shall do our best to satisfy this demand in the next edition and are grateful to Mr Taylor for airing the matter.

E. E. WILKINS
Chief Public Relations Officer
London Transport
55 Broadway
London SW1

Apples and Europe

Sir, Let me assure A. J. P. Taylor (London Diary, 26 August) that the Common Market has not made the English apple disappear. The inclement spring weather has made our crops about two weeks late and, as for Cox, the frosts disposed of much of the Cox bloom before it could open and set fruit. We estimate at present that this year's Cox crop will be about 50 per cent of that picked in 1976 and that was not a heavy crop.

Our local growers' cooperative has more than 10 per cent of its Cox acreage under five years old, which means we have confidence in the future of the variety, even now we are in the Community – to which we export. And Mr Taylor can have confidence that he will be able to continue to enjoy Worcester and Cox grown in England, for many years I hope – weather permitting.

LESLIE CLARK

Walter's Farm,
Galleywood
Nr Chelmsford, Essex

Bowled Over

Sir, The Mafia-like qualities attributed to the Bushmen by Corinna Adam (NS 2 September) will, I am sure, come as a considerable surprise to most members. So far as I can recall, the last person to invoke this spectre was a certain Robin Day, writing some 20 years ago in the *News Chronicle.* Miss Adam may also recall that event since she, like me, was associated with the paper at the time.

Of course, she is better placed than many to pass judgment on the matter because not only was her father formerly boss of BBC Television, he was also one of the few Bushmen wicket-keepers who did not require a longstop – not often, anyway.

I must confess, though, to an occasion in my own green and innocent years when it seemed that perhaps there really was something to the rumour. As a then well-known TV newsreader was smiting sixes all round the field, a senior Bushman and Extremely Important BBC Person turned to Miss Adam's father and muttered, 'We must do something for that boy'. Alas for Bushmen influence, the 'boy' was fired a year later.

ROBERT MILNE-TYTE
Chairman, The Bushmen
BBC
Bush House
London WC2

Praise for Poe

Sir, Should a man write to your paper, it were well that he cover all his tracks. Mr Charles A. Wagner insisted last week that 'Poe's lyric, "To Helen", hardly [needed] defending by anyone anywhere'. I find it difficult to imagine that 52 Lower Sloane Street affords breathing-space for more than one Charles A. Wagner. Presumably, then, the letter comes from the same man who deemed it necessary to leap to the defence of Poe's 'lyric' two weeks before. This man seems pleased to discover that *opus* means a composition (*OED*: esp. a musical composition). The word composition is not synonymous with compilation. Many words begin and end in beguilingly similar fashions, but are not therefore equivalents.

I shall certainly look up the recommended poetry of Wheelock, Teasdale, and Coatsworth. Markham, I feel, must be the pseudonymous author of *Colonel Sun.* Is Mr Wagner seriously advising Mr Amis to read Mr Amis?

S. CHATTERJEE

Bow
London E3

Far Flung Corners

Sir, As the originator of the 'Far Flung Corners' feature, may I comment on two points in Mr Marks's letter (NS 2 September)? He describes me as 'frustrated', implying that I have been unsuccessful in my attempts to win the crossword competition. This is not so. In 1976 I achieved my solitary triumph with a Luton postmark, which I have been given to understand is one of the least prestigious in the world.

As a winner's winner may I express regret that Mr Marks's Melbourne suburb of Malvern was not described as 'desirable'? On my many trips around the world posting crossword entries I have always found it a most engaging locality – unlike the more ostentatious Moonee Ponds and Highett.

TIM HOPKINS

69 Edgewood Drive
Luton
Bedfordshire

Bicycling Made Easy

Sir, I think I can reassure J. R. S. Davies (Letters 2 September) that George Meredith's home was not littered with abandoned bicycles. The knickerbockered Edwardians were entreated to pedal away to Leatherhead station, where they placed their machines in the luggage van provided on the 4.15, and settled comfortably in their compartments to nurse their autographed copies.

STEPHEN LESTER

336 Scraptoft Lane
Leicester

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Germaine Greer

The Missionary of Sex

Marie Stopes: A Biography by RUTH HALL
Deutsch £5.95

Even before broaching the text of Ruth Hall's biography of Marie Stopes, the reader is made aware of Mrs Hall's dislike of her subject; for the first of her four epigraphs is a scribbled note by Marie Stopes in the margin of a Catholic Truth Society pamphlet: 'I will be canonised in 200 years time.' The last words in the book are a question once asked in the NEW STATESMAN:

'Will posterity consider her as many consider Joan of Arc, a self-deluded maniac, or will Marie Stopes find a place in the Calendar of Saints?' Saints are not necessarily agreeable people, especially to those who profess another religion. Some saints have been verily tiresome; though few can have been as relentlessly tiresome as the woman whose papers had to be transported to the British Museum in a three ton lorry.

At first it seems that Mrs Hall is stacking the cards against Marie Stopes. To guy her subject's mother, she resorts to a fairly cheap journalistic device:

> 'How can men become truly free that ignore, for others, the liberties founded on the same reasonings by which they enfranchised themselves,' *raged* Mrs Stopes in 1894.

Mrs Hall might have written, in place of 'raged', *murmured*, *droned*, *muttered* or, chaining herself to fact, simply *wrote*. At her hands the Stopeses are doomed to appear as unpleasant and ridiculous as any bra-burners; as does, indeed, the hapless palaeobotanist in her dust-jacket photo. When we learn that while in Munich, Marie Stopes 'invariably attended fancy-dress balls as a Valkyrie in armour she made herself out of cardboard and silver paint', laying down her cardboard and paint-brush only long enough to *bludgeon* her way into the laboratories, while making *ferocious* assaults upon the German language – and, incidentally, making an important original contribution to the study of fossil plants – one begins to feel sorry for her. Were Ruth Hall to mark iniquities, one feels, no one should stand it.

Marie Stopes's besetting sin, and all thing unbecoming in a woman, is ambition. So repelled is Mrs Hall by her subject's ambition, that although she dutifully records her industry and energy, and is quick to correct those who thought that Marie Stopes achieved nothing significant in her life, the image that she weaves out of the tons of material that Stopes was unwise enough to leave behind is of a woman obtuse, cruel and silly, beyond anything that might be expected of an escapee from an oppressed class. In sifting the voluminous documentation Mrs Hall was in the same position as a spy sifting thousands of hours of wiretapsive utterance. It is typical of Marie Stopes's kind of delusion that she supplied the materials for her own slaughter.

Mrs Hall's indignation is aroused on behalf of all those people who loved Marie Stopes and were rolled over by the juggernaut of her self-absorption; but while the reader must blush for her undeniable dreadfulness, the equally undeniable fact of the continued devotion of people like Aylmer Maude and Marie Stopes's husband, Humphrey Verdon Roe, is, by Mrs Hall's token, incomprehensible. Marie Stopes did not, evidently, subdue by pussy-power, for she was dumped by her Japanese professor fiancé, left virgin by her first husband until she was 38 and thereafter troubled by the sexual inadequacy of her second husband; and in all three instances Mrs Hall triumphs over her. Although the poor woman did have enough charm to keep George Bernard Shaw answering her letters, not a vestige of it illumines Mrs Hall's pages.

Ruth Hall's repugnance is, if not altogether justified, comprehensible. The clue to her fear and loathing is to be found in Marie Stopes's 'central belief – that the human race could be improved by the eugenic application of birth control.' Mrs Hall, citing the circumstances in which Sir Keith Joseph, who suffers from the same combination of cleverness and obtuseness as Marie Stopes, lost his chance of leadership of the Tory party, states her belief that such views are now shunned.

> Try as he afterwards might to shift the emphasis of what he had said from genetic to environmental considerations, his few sentences had cost him his chance of becoming party leader. The paradox was that the birth control movement, the greatest liberalising force of the twentieth century, and Marie Stopes, its arch-prophet, had each fed off a philosophical base that by the Seventies was regarded as too 'illiberal' to be hinted at even by a right-wing Conservative.

Mrs Hall assumes that the birth-control movement was the 'greatest liberalising force' in the 20th century because she assumes that heterosexual intravaginal intercourse is right, proper, and better for you than any other sort, that birth-control was unknown before the manufacture of rubber goods, and that most babies, especially poor people's babies, are unwanted. Marie Stopes's prejudice against coitus interruptus, although every bit as unfairly stigmatised as masturbation, is also apparently swallowed by Mrs Hall. Although she sees that Marie Stopes's insistence upon heterosexual monogamy and certain 'normal' forms of intercourse was puritanical, she does not see that the present emphasis upon contraception has led to an historically unprecedented situation, of which Stopes's own sufferings provided the paradigm. As a result of the wide acceptance of views she championed, more intravaginal intercourse is practised than ever before, even though fewer children are desired and even though it is known that intravaginal intercourse is not the most efficient or the tenderest, let alone the only, way to spread pleasure.

What institutional birth control has ushered in is not liberalism but simply the universal continual accessibility of the vagina, which might turn out in the long run to be an enslaving influence. Its effects are neatly prefigured in Marie Stopes's own dreary, incessant, affected, girlish sex-in-the-head.

Although any national politician unwise enough to enunciate a belief in eugenics may excite the uproar that greeted Sir Keith Joseph, the motivation behind the increased availability of the means of controlling birth has more to do with his views than with any muddle-headed notion of freeing people to have a good time. The Stopesian aim was fewer and *better* children: better nourished, better behaved, and cleverer. Regardless of whether the poor liked their smaller, naughtier, less articulate, dirtier and sicker children better than she ever liked anybody, she thought that they had no right to feel that way, not only because their feeling caused expense and disruption to the body politic, but also for aesthetic reasons.

The economics of her argument as expressed to the Royal Association for the Deaf and Dumb are still unanswerable: 'Do you think it advisable,' she asked, 'that two defectives, both brought up at the public expense, should be permitted to produce four defectives to be brought up at public expense, and where is this geometrical progression to stop?' When health and education are both a matter of public expense, the power of this argument is increased. If journalists do not think in these terms, many doctors and scientists do. Now that all children are matters of some public expense, the birth of all children involves the state as putative supporter. Many people who would find Marie Stopes's views fascist nevertheless believe that the state is entitled to withdraw benefits in cases where individuals are over-reproducing or reproducing in a manner considered undesirable. While English courts may find for the right of a 'defective' girl to choose her own reproductive destiny, English representatives did not castigate the United States when it linked offers of food aid to acceptance of euphemistically named 'family planning' programmes. In all its years of operating birth control clinics, the Ford Foundation only once ran a fertility clinic, and couples from all parts of India walked for weeks to get to it.

In advocating the withdrawal of reproductive rights from certain groups, Marie Stopes was simply carrying her ideas to their logical extension. Her lack of humanity was appalling in an individual: it is normal and unavoidable in the character of institutions.

Ruth Hall's biography of Marie Stopes is necessary reading for anyone concerned with the politics of fertility, for in the aberrations of a well-trained scientific mind dealing with human reproduction, many of the potential moral and cultural catastrophes are spelt out. When the family planning workers

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of the Sixties swept into Indian villages, inserting record numbers of IUDs in the bodies of agricultural labouring women whose poor diet could not supplement the increased blood loss, whose tense abdominal musculature painfully rejected the Western gadgetry, who were segregated whenever they bled, and swept on without leaving adequate follow-up arrangements, they were acting in the likeness of Marie Stopes.

While we snigger at Marie Stopes's religion, with the orgasms which she sought in vain enshrined as its supreme mystical experience, we ought also to realise that it is a religion that we have spread by the speculum, enforcing sterility upon unbelievers as once missionaries poured baptismal water.

Paul Foot

Escapology

The Odyssey of Enoch by HUMPHRY BERKELEY *Hamish Hamilton* £4.95

'A riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma.' Thus, ludicrously, Winston Churchill described Russia in 1939. Humphry Berkeley, former Tory MP and currently a Labour supporter, has exhumed the phrase to describe Enoch Powell, the former Tory cabinet minister and current Ulster Unionist MP. The only real riddle (enigma or mystery) about Enoch Powell, however, is how he manages to attract attention, sympathy and tribute from middle-of-the-road politicians like Humphry Berkeley.

It would be difficult to find a politician even today, even in the Labour Government, whose political career consists of more shameless about-turns, so much opportunism and so much demagogy, than that of Enoch Powell. He started life as a 'militant atheist' and is now a devoted Anglican communicant. He was fascinated by German fascism when Hitler seized power, but abandoned it when his hero, Roehm, was purged in 1934. After the war, he held to a profound faith in the British Empire, and even proposed a plan for the reconquest of India. But he very quickly adapted himself to the end of Empire. As a member of the Tory Government from 1960 to 1963 he argued for an incomes policy and a planned economy, which policies he said were 'unchallenged and unchallengeable'. They have, however, now been supplanted in Powell's repertoire by an unequivocal faith in 'unfettered free enterprise'.

In the first ten years of large-scale black immigration into this country, Powell paid little or no attention to it. 'Money is colour-blind', he argued. The 'free market' was the best organiser of the flow of labour. In 1964, though favouring immigration controls, he stridently attacked racial attitudes to people living in Britain: 'I have always set my face like flint against making any difference between one citizen of this country and another on grounds of his origin.' In the same spirit and at the same time he asserted that it was 'an inescapable obligation to humanity' to allow the families of immigrant workers into Britain free of all restrictions. In 1967, he declared:

> The real problem is the children . . . All that I say and think about further amendment of the immigration laws is very much with a view to the way on which these children will be embodied in the community.

All these pledges and obligations have been jettisoned in an increasingly hysterical flood of speeches directed against immigration and the immigrant community, which started with the famous 'rivers of blood' speech in Birmingham in April 1968. The theme of these speeches is that black people in Britain are an 'alien wedge' and should be treated differently from white people; that families of immigrant workers should *not* be allowed to come here and, indeed, that the best thing to do about immigrants is to throw them and any children they may have out of the country. Houdini Powell has escaped from his inescapable obligation to humanity and re-set his flint-like face. As for the black children – the 'real problem' in 1967 – they have become in Powell's speeches the 'picaninnies' who because of their racial origin can never become Englishmen, let alone be 'embodied in the community'.

This is not, quite, the classical opportunism of, say, a Harold Wilson forced by the realities of power to forsake his principles. There *are* certain ugly principles which are common to Powell's political development: authoritarian, chauvinist principles which come naturally to a man whose grandfathers were an iron merchant and a policeman from Birmingham. Through all his twists and turns Powell stands up for his country, right or wrong; his class, right or wrong; and above all for himself, right or wrong. As he got older, so he forsook the traditional party allegiances to which wiser opportunists cling. Yet an opportunist he remains, and a mischievous, dangerous opportunist at that.

Powell's obsession with race over the last ten years has had an effect far outside the coterie of political pundits to whom this book is directed. His speeches have removed the brakes on people's racialist and xenophobic prejudices. Most white people *know* that it is wrong to denounce, hate or attack black people because of the colour of their skin. They know that any hostility to people with black skins arises from prejudice, and that those prejudices are best suppressed. A 'respectable' politician who voices such prejudices, who cloaks them with Greek quotations and specious logic, invites them out into the open. Friends of different colour who work on the railway or in the post office or on building sites start to find excuses to avoid one another. Racialist abuse and jokes become more frequent in pubs and schools. Thugs start to attack black men and women.

These are the important facts about Enoch Powell. Yet they are not prominent in Humphry Berkeley's book. The *effect* of what Powell says does not detain Berkeley at all. The purpose of his book, he tells

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us, is to find out 'what makes Enoch Powell tick'. Why? What does that matter? Politicians, Humphry Berkeley explains, are

> susceptible to the grossest flattery: they rival actors in their sustained ability to talk about themselves and ruthlessly to wrench any discussion into an examination of their ego . . . I recognise all these qualities in myself.

No doubt. And all this ego-examination and flattery has a shattering effect on parliamentary politicians when they write books about one another. Their argument becomes soft and sentimental, their analysis obsequious.

In an extraordinary passage, Berkeley discusses the similarities between Enoch Powell and Sir Oswald Mosley. 'The author', he writes (he is a bit too grand for a plain 'I') 'has no desire to insult Mosley'. Why on earth not? Berkeley replies that he 'spent a day in Mosley's company less than two years ago'. As a result, he finds it 'hard to understand how a cultured and intelligent man could have got into such dubious company [as the fascists']'. So, Berkeley concludes, Mosley's leadership of a movement which proposed for Britain an unspeakable tyranny and which brought fear and violence to countless Jewish people, was merely 'a grievous miscalculation' or an 'unbelievable folly'. So too with Enoch Powell. 'The author', Berkeley tells us, 'has always had a respect for Powell and a real, though guarded admiration for his personal qualities'. His book reeks of sympathy for Powell.

Of Powell's feelings about Indian independence Berkeley writes:

> It takes a shallow man, and a deeply unfeeling one, to be unable to sense the tragedy and torture which must have been inflicted on a lonely man, both brave and honourable, who saw, in the still hours of the morning, a dream, however unrealistic, turning into a nightmare. It was a spiritual amputation from which Powell never recovered.

Nonsense. He recovered very quickly indeed. But that is only half the point. The other half is that Berkeley can find not a word or a thought for the issue of Indian independence itself. He does not ask us to contemplate the state of mind of man who wanted to preserve a ruthless and barbarous imperialism. Instead, he invites us to pity a young, comfortable reactionary regretting that the passing of the day when an officer and a gentleman in India could maintain a decent stable and a houseful of servants. And, moreover, regretting it in the still hours of the morning.

Much of Humphry Berkeley's book is, of course, politely critical of Powell. Berkeley is an opponent of racialism, and he shows how many of Powell's anti-immigration speeches were founded on a contempt for the facts and for the language. But in the end the answer to the question 'What makes Powell tick?' is flattering. The final paragraph, and presumably the central conclusion of the book, reads:

> It is, in fact, the remorseless pursuit of the logic of the Greek philosophers in the tradition of Socrates, Aristotle and Plato, which can end in perdition, that has led Powell, the Greek scholar, to represent in Parliament a province which wants to be part and parcel of a Britain which according to Powell is busy denying that it has any right or desire to be a nation at all. The same process of logic has led him to define patriotism. It is, he says, 'to have a nation to die for and to be glad to die for it – all the days of one's life'. Is this restless, remorseless and, at times, almost desperate pursuit, perhaps the key to Powell and to Powellism?

No, it is nothing of the kind. And as long as political analysis is confined to the professional politicians' old-boy network, we will have to put up with fatuous conclusions like that one. There is *absolutely nothing* in Powell's career to suggest that he is pursuing anything but his own imagined call from destiny, and looking forward to the glorious day when the befuddled British people abandon any faith in themselves and set up a united call for Enoch.

But this does not fit into the Humphry Berkeley circle, where politicians are motivated not by self-interest or ambition but by death-wishes, patriotisms, restless and remorseless pursuits; and where the febrile passions of a race-obsessed Greek scholar are more important than hundreds of thousands of black people whose lives are every day made more fearful by his rant and bluster.

Russell Davies

He Knows, Yer Know

A Dictionary of Catch Phrases by ERIC PARTRIDGE *Routledge* £7.95

It may be hard to define what catch phrases are, but you always know when they've caught you. Children generally have several favourites on the go; they practise them assiduously, causing nearby adults to burst out in exasperated cries of 'If you say that again, I'll . . .' The adults, meanwhile, are even more deeply sunk in verbal habit; they just have a bigger repertoire. But if they have any sense of shame at all about their utterances, they will fall into periods of hopelessness where virtually everything they say seems to issue from their mouths in borrowed voices, fragments of advertising material, or heavily ironic 'famous quotations'. Thus begin those Beckettish moods when the pain and boredom of living are exceeded only by the pain and boredom of having to talk about it. Eric Partridge, however, does not admit the existence of such useless depressions, and his dictionary is an antidote to them.

It is hard to say why this book is so cheering. After all, it is full of rubbish: it is the foul rag-and-bone shop of the mouth. But I suppose there is an element of comfort in coming across phrases infinitely more degraded than any that one has personally had on the brain (most of these seem to come from Canada and have to do with the creative redeployment of shit). Certainly the *frisson* you may obtain from a horror like 'Come on —— you don't want to live for ever' (an 'encouragement' to first world war soldiers going over the top) leaves you bathed in a smug thankfulness that you weren't there, and will never hear the words given their full, nasty, casual weight.

Then again Partridge offers scores of phrases so agreeable that it would actually be a pleasure to revive or maintain them. For myself, I have never remarked, when something has been explained to me, that 'That accounts for the milk in the coconut', and I don't suppose I shall start now, either. But if anybody else does, I shall take great pleasure in adding the enigmatic qualification '*But not the shaggy bark on the outside*'. Such weirdnesses make the book worthwhile; for every dreary and necessary entry like 'the name of the game' and 'would you believe', there are half a dozen swinish pearls like 'the lay of the last minstrel' ('a particularly unattractive girl': obnoxious Canadians again) and cross-references on the order of: 'Getting any? *See* climbing trees to get away from it' (boastful Australians).

Once we get down to such detail, it is difficult to do much more than register gurgling pleasure. Organised comment becomes impossible, because the book is a glorious patchwork, literally. Mr Partridge is a cottage industry. He receives bits and bobs of piecework from all over the English-speaking world – his Canadian contact, come to think of it, must be a misogynist lavatory-attendant at an army club – and he tacks them together as he goes along. They are not always sound, of course, and Mr Partridge not always in a position to filter the best out of them. It seems to have taken several exchanges of letters to establish, for example, that 'Miss Otis regrets' was a Cole Porter song, and that 'aye aye, that's yer lot' belonged to Jimmy Wheeler; and John Snagge will not be at all pleased to be identified, even tentatively, as the original perpetrator of 'the Fleet's lit up' (the woozy commentator at the naval review was Lt Cdr Tommy Woodrooffe). Ted Lewis the 'top-hatted tragedian of jazz', surely deserves some credit for the survival of 'is everybody happy?'; 'guns before butter' was Goering, not Goebbels; and from the Goon Show, it is odd to have picked 'have a gorilla' and 'Time for your OBE, Neddy' as favourites, when 'Shut up, Eccles!' and Little Jim's 'He's fallen in the wah-tah', among others, were better and more widely adapted for use in life's silly situations.

If there is a slightly dead area in the book's broad range, it must be the entertainment world. A collection big enough to take in Ken Platt's 'I won't take me coat off, I'm not stopping' should also have found room for Hylda Baker's 'She *knows*, yer know', which spent about a decade turning up in conversation (though seldom with the original's awful landlady-like inflection, followed by the nudge in the hapless stooge's ribs and the wild yell of 'DON'T YER?') A bigger vogue than

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either was enjoyed by another comedy call-sign Partridge has passed over, Bernard Bresslaw's 'I only arsked', from *The Army Game*: still used, in a hurt tone, when somebody has addressed you snappishly (whether you have actually 'arsked' a question or not). Well up to date on Ken Dodd ('By Jove, I needed that!'), Partridge is nonetheless wrong to have him asking 'Have you ever been tickled, lady?' *Lady* is Max Miller's word: Dodd's is 'Missis'. And has anybody in cod wartime comedy ever said 'Ve haf ways and means to make you talk'? 'Ve haf ways of making you talk' is the version I have heard, notably from that master of taste David Frost, in his TV debate with Hitler's apologist David Irving.

Mr Partridge's own speciality is the first world war – one can imagine how language must have struck him as doubly vivacious amid the trench horrors – and his pen-friends seem generally to be of the Fighting Forces vintage: hence the impressive coverage of all-male insults, *sotto voce* threats of rebellion, euphemisms for and overstatements of farting ('Who's opened his lunch?' is missing), and expressions of contentment, frustration and foul intent *vis-à-vis* the opposite sex. Or *vis-à-vis* nothing at all. To the abstract category, the Canadians supply their prize exhibit: 'shit, mother, I can't dance', which is used 'just for something to say'. So, I suppose, is one of my home-grown favourites, 'we had one but the wheel came off'; but at least this has a vaguely subversive motive, arising from the speaker's failure to understand the preceding conversation. It's interesting to note that even a technically neuter phrase like this seems to have a male flavour: thoroughly female catch phrases are rarities.

Having got so far, I can no longer hold back the raging trickle of suggested additions I have dammed up into lists all over this volume. I include some of it here on the grounds a) that to render a possible service to Mr Partridge is the best way of saluting his enterprise and b) that to give an idea of what he has (I think) overlooked is tantamount to implying how much he has excellently covered (e.g. did you know that in chapter 33 of Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in the Court of King Arthur*, the Yankee says 'I prepared, now, *to sock it to him*.') Anyway, here goes.

'Now you see it, now you don't' (which I overheard somebody use, while I was reading this book in a pub, as a reply to the question 'how are you?') is not to be seen. 'Laugh? I thought I should have died' is weak when 'Laugh? I nearly bought me own beer' is so common, and 'Laugh? I nearly fell off the wife' commoner still, though not in the same sense. 'He is as dim as a Toc H Lamp', another absentee, is not yet rare as a phrase though members of the Toc H organisation may well be thin on the ground. ' "Fuck me" said the Duchess' is all very well, but the follow-up, in my experience, has been not 'more in hope than in anger', but 'stirring her tea with the other hand'. I don't know why. Nobody I have heard use the expression has ever been in a mood to explain it. Talking of which, Mr Partridge seems as confused as I am about 'cheap at half the price'. I am giving that one up.

'It must be the heat', originally a corny riposte to 'I'm off!', now leads an independent life. 'Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs!' is a northern expression of mild amazement which I associate for some reason with Wilfred Pickles. (His 'What's on the table, Mabel?' caught on, I think, just as widely as 'Give him the money, Barney' – or Mabel – which Partridge includes.) 'Feeling no pain' is still, I suspect, an approved American reply to 'how are you' enquiries; it signifies that one is drunk, and fully intending to become incapable. 'Pin back your lug'oles!', Cyril Fletcher's conversation-stopper, is in decay but once ruled O.K. 'I took my harp to the party, but nobody asked me to play' *must* be a catch-phrase – you can tell by the way people join in on the second half. Similarly 'I washed me 'air last night (*chorus*) and now I can't do a *thing* with it.'

In exhausted conclusion, a contribution from my late great-uncle Raymond, a railway porter, and first war veteran like Mr Partridge. Not a great one for euphony, Uncle Ray nevertheless affected a sonorous phrase in parting. Where did he get it from? 'I like your company', he would say, 'but your hours don't suit'.

Christopher Hitchens

Total War

Wartime by MILOVAN DJILAS translated by M. B. Petrovich *Secker & Warburg* £7.95

The victimisation of Milovan Djilas is the outstanding blot on Tito's claim to sturdy independence within the Communist world. A revolution which cannot deal honourably with its own historians, which forbids them to publish in their own country and then traduces them as unpatriotic when they publish abroad, is in some important sense flawed. When I saw him in June of this year, Djilas was resigned to obscurity in his native heath. Not only was he forbidden to sell his political work in Yugoslavia, and subjected to various limitations on his movements in and out of the country, but also he found himself prohibited from marketing his translation of *Paradise Lost* into Serbo-Croat. And, as he remarked ruefully, there is no other translation which could serve in its stead. Party leaderships commonly distrust and dislike the heretic more than they detest the common enemy, but the streak of peasant vengeance which has been vented on Djilas has deprived young Yugoslavs of the chance to find out where they really came from.

Because with *Wartime*, Djilas has undertaken to describe the birth of a nation. Total war came early to Yugoslavia, made all the more terrible by the fact that the Nazi invaders considered their victims to be racially inferior. This licence to kill led to such atrocity, and such resistance, that by the end Churchill and Stalin were vying for the favours of the Communist leadership. The fact that both scrounging im-

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perial paws were severely bitten goes to show something that is still true – and still denied by imperialists of all hues. Put simply, whole peoples do not wage bitter struggles for liberation in order to become the creatures of another power. Yugoslavia was really the first country in this century to prove that point, and to uphold it in the face of the travesty socialism of other lands 'liberated' by the Red Army alone.

The scope and intensity of *Wartime* is such as to defy paraphrase. For example, here is Djilas recording an incident in the hideous winter of 1943:

> The Italians in the little town surrendered, and we took over the outer fortifications. All the Italian troops – the entire Third Battalion of the 259th Regiment of the Murge division – were put to death. We put into effect the conditions they had rejected, and vented our bitterness. Only the drivers were spared – to help transport the munitions and the wounded. Many corpses were tossed into the Rama river. Several got caught among the logs, and I shared with our officers a malicious joy at the thought of Italian officers on the bridges and embankments of Mostar stricken with horror at the sight of the Neretva choked with the corpses of their soldiers.

It seems useful to quote this at length because it shows total callousness – such prisoners as are spared are specifically described as being spared for the performance of menial tasks. Also because Djilas does not just describe the gloating of others at the deed, but specifically includes his own *schadenfreude*.

Unlike all previous Balkan hostilities, the fight of the Yugoslav partisans was not just for some national emancipation but for a parallel social revolution. Thus it was a civil war as well, and some of Djilas's most effective passages describe the cruelty and coldness of the battle between Tito's men and the pro-fascist forces and their collaborators. If anything had been missing from the description of total war, this last dimension supplied it. It also, and of necessity, internationalised the conflict. Tito and Djilas looked to Moscow as the motherland of all oppressed classes and nations. Djilas sets down here, as he has in a different context elsewhere, his initial misgivings about the great despot. Stalin in these pages radiates cynicism and cunning, and another feature which is less often remarked. He did not seem to care what even his most devoted foreign admirers thought of him. This glimpse of untrammelled, arrogant, *pure* power is valuable even if it is not surprising in retrospect. One has to imagine a man like Djilas, who has fought the Wehrmacht for scorched earth over several years, has lost almost all his family and many of his friends, has fought not in somebody else's country but in his very own, and who then takes a precarious aeroplane flight to discover disgust in Moscow. The sequence of events makes up a genuine fragment of 20th-century experience.

Eurocommunism these days is presented as a bland and sophisticated business. There is the Gucci socialism of Enrico Berlinguer, or the *petit-commerçant* compromise of Georges Marchais, both redolent of the main chance but both admittedly sanctified by the resistance records of the parties concerned. Djilas is one of those uncomfortable presences who remind us of the pioneers and of the utter ruthlessness required in order to have a revolution and to preserve it. He concludes:

> Revolutions are justified as acts of life, acts of living. Their idealisation is a cover-up for the egotism and love of power of the new revolutionary masters. But efforts to restore pre-revolutionary forms are even more meaningless and unrealistic. I sensed all of this even then. But choice does not depend only on one's personal outlook but also on reality. With my present outlook, I would not have been able to do what I had done then.

There is a testament of ambiguity worth having, from a man who knows. When I saw Djilas last, he had not degenerated into cynicism. He described himself as a democratic socialist ('please, *not* a social democrat. They want to reform capitalism; I want to reform communism'). So I asked him whom he admired. The answer was swift and provocative. 'If you mean current thinkers, I most admire von Hayek and Karl Popper'. *Hayek*? 'Yes, though I cannot agree with him about property'. It seemed at first sight like *Hamlet* without the prince, but when one of the leaders of the revolution has to keep his mouth shut, and when the right to hold an opinion is more important than what opinion you hold, perhaps it isn't so surprising. After *Wartime*, it would be difficult to be surprised by anything.

NABOKOV His Life in Part
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Alan Ryan

No Fun

Puritan, Paranoid, Remissive: A Sociology of Modern Culture by JOHN CARROLL *Routledge* £3.95

Max Weber's essay on 'The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism' produced what is perhaps the one haunting image in the not very poetic discipline of sociology. As an account of the origins of capitalism, Weber's work is full of holes; as an imaginative recreation of a certain frame of mind, it's marvellous. The claim that Puritanism fostered this worldly success precisely because of the Puritan's *other*-worldliness is both engagingly paradoxical and intrinsically plausible. Calvin's doctrine that our salvation was unalterably determined by God's arbitrary choice might have sustained antinomian self-indulgence; coupled with the doctrine that works, though utterly ineffective in *gaining* grace, might yet be reliable indicators of its possession, it placed his followers in a productive double-bind. The ineffectiveness of good works meant that there was no stopping-place where we might think we'd done enough to be saved. Yet we might stave off anxiety by constantly displaying the evidence of grace, through hard work, abstinence, and thus, inadvertently, the accumulation of capital.

John Carroll is very taken with this fetching tale. It's not clear how concerned he is for its literal accuracy as an account of any actual Puritan's frame of mind. 'Every time provides the material for many stories. I have told one' is how he sums up his own book; which suggests that he's more concerned with our envy of, or hostility to, our own picture of the Puritan ancestors who begot the world we live in. For what this brief and slight contribution to a large and amorphous subject is mostly about is the contemporary revolt against the demands of the protestant ethic.

In short, Carroll's question is whether any sort of personality *other* than that described by Weber – its neuroses not entirely lovingly tended by Freud – is capable of creating and sustaining a liveable-in society. Since he holds that such questions are 'necessarily, today, unanswerable', the discussion is not easy to précis; indeed, it degenerates at times into untidy skirmishing with Dr Carroll's favourite enemies. These range from Marcuse and Norman Brown, via the inhabitants of the 'Victorian corners' of university English departments who worship D. H. Lawrence's virile bull, to students who regard universities as faintly unsatisfactory holiday camps, in which their main obligation is 'the servicing of four bedrooms in one night', and the obligation arouses so little enthusiasm that it can be undertaken only after 'planned inebriation on tequila and hash'. (Dr Carroll teaches at La Trobe, in case anybody is turned on by these variously intoxicating offers.)

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The moral, if one is to be drawn, is that *we* at least are more likely to create a society of unproductive paranoids than a society of uninhibited, unaggressive polymorphous pleasure-seekers. Carroll is quite acute about the paranoid style of the late 1960s – guilt and responsibility were dismissed as delusive, except when parents, employers and politicians were blamed for driving us nuts for their own evil ends. And, throughout, he raises the old 19th-century anxiety that a society which is short on *self*-discipline cannot survive as a contractual arrangement between self-seeking hedonists – the 'remissive' personalities of the title. Still, the very largeness and persistence of such issues suggests that the time has come for something a good deal more patient and less self-indulgent than little essays like this. Carroll refers to his discussions of methodology as 'playing something of the role of a maintenance department in a trans-continental trucking corporation'. He's got the image wrong – he means a bicycle pump, for what he's riding is pretty much Sigmund Freud's old bike, a machine of some charm, but hardly up to trans-continental trips.

Jonathan Keates

What? What?

The Ice Age by MARGARET DRABBLE *Weidenfeld* £4.25
A Victim of the Aurora by THOMAS KENEALLY *Collins* £4.50
Ends and Means by STANLEY MIDDLETON *Hutchinson* £4.50

One of my favourite passages in Fanny Burney's diary concerns her first meeting with George III. Among the subjects discussed at that fateful encounter in Mrs Delany's grace-and-favour house at Windsor was Shakespeare, of whom the king remarked: 'But was there ever such stuff as the greater part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?' I feel a comparable unease respecting the accolades given, over the last decade or so, to Margaret Drabble. Why, I repeatedly ask, all the fuss about these chilly misanthropic accounts of crises in the lives of disorientated Yorkshirewomen?

The Ice Age was therefore to be approached with extreme caution. Chunks of *ur*-Drabble, the northern backdrops for example, now sketched in with greater sensitivity, float about in it, more or less easily recognisable, but the book's design and evident intention will come as a frank surprise even to those used to the wider references of her recent novels. The core of its plot involves a weird attainment of salvation by Anthony Keating, jaded media man turned property developer, whose unlikely metamorphosis into a spy for the purpose of rescuing 18-year-old Jane from a gaol somewhere in communist Europe is made entirely convincing within the context of the author's precise evocation of contemporary manners. No comparable redemption is granted to Alison Murray, Jane's mother and Anthony's mistress, archetypally the author's own in her combination of bilious gloom and dourly determined responsibility towards her daughters. Pity for her is, cleverly enough, both invited and withheld.

This formally ambitious work sacrifices too much to a desire to create a fiction whose protagonist will be a decade and whose characters will be subordinate to a detached Pisgah-view of modern evolution. A circle of secondary figures around Anthony and Alison, in some of whom, such as the prisoner Len Wincobank, Drabble soon loses interest, is nearly stifled in the process. The opening 100 pages have neither dialogue nor onstage confrontation, a narrative raspberry unrivalled in audacity by anything since the first four chapters of *The Eustace Diamonds*. Each character comes packaged as a Seventies case-history, thus effectively held at a long arm's length. Such impartiality is now and then unintentionally comic: a description of how the various figures spend their Christmas suggests that Drabble has been reading her *Wheels* and *Airport*. Only in the book's final section, where in any case we are asked to 'imagine a future for Anthony Keating', does she turn away from a vain attempt at documentary and present us with the miniature or blueprint of what might have been a good novel. Quaker-drab and graceless, her style remains more laboriously unattractive than that of any modern writer of equal seriousness. Only one must not say so, what?

Reading Thomas Keneally so soon afterwards induces guilty delight. His polar world, subtly imagined, is indeed the real one of Scott and Shackleton, upon which his presence as a researcher lies light but firm. Period detail is tellingly employed to highlight the edginess among members of an Antarctic exploring party, doomed, as it seems, from the outset by social disparity, envy and furtive lust. The murder of Victor Henneker, felled with a frozen skua gull and then strangled, leads on a false trail to the macabre discovery of Forbes-Chalmers, 'the world's ultimate castaway', a scurvy-blackened survivor from an earlier venture, poised between crazy cannibalism and a hankering for tinned peaches.

The ultimate execution of Henneker's genuine assailant rounds off a story whose central conflict is between the exigencies of Edwardian gentlemanliness and the encroaching snow deserts against which their increasing absurdity becomes blurred with barbarism. Henneker's journal, when found, provides an orgy of wounding embarrassment, forcing the narrator Piers towards a closer scrutiny of the world left behind by the expedition. Only once, when a Siberian stablehand runs amok with a harpoon coated with walrus blood in a belief that the sun will never rise again, does the book take off into melodrama. Otherwise its virtues, those of a continuing alertness to points of landscape and historical background, an exemplary lucidity in the unfolding of his theme and the ability to give a full perspective to even the most negligible figure, are what we can expect from a writer as consistently good as Keneally.

For beauty of shape *Ends and Means* acts as a kind of prairie oyster after the mouth-furring *Ice Age;* and one is turned into a temporary Pevsner, more admiring of the work's construction than intrigued by the events taking place within it, which perhaps aren't meant to engage more than superficially. Randy writer Eric drops, with the ease of a ripe mulberry, into bed with Beth and Madeleine. Wife Elsa stands by, tough and forthright. Son John, after attempted suicide, marries divorcee Lynette, and the final wedding party scene, during which Eric hears that Beth has been killed, comes as a sharp, salutary jolt. A slab of sardonic realism, the whole thing convinces, paradoxically maybe, because the author has chosen to keep himself firmly in the reader's view as a craftsman with a powerfully controlling sense of form. The figures in this crochet of provincial relationships swarm and divide with a mournful urgency, the sudden colour of their perceptions given greater poignancy by being sandwiched between stretches of that laconic dialogue of which Middleton is master. He is outstanding not only because he cares about style, but also, quite simply, for liking his characters and wanting them to survive.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Andrew Saint

The Super Sound

The lights go down, the audience is hushed, and to the strains of *I do like to be beside the seaside* Reginald Dixon rises from the deep at the keys of the mighty Wurlitzer, tumultuously applauded. The day, a bank holiday; the scene, not Blackpool (though Reg is about to lightfinger his way through a medley of memories from his forty fabled years there at the Tower Ballroom) but Kilburn and the Gaumont State Cinema, next door to notorious Biddy Mulligan's. Dixon has hardly been back since this most palatial of 'supers' was finished long ago in 1937, but cinema organists seem to go on for ever, and he glides over the notes and stabs at the stops as nimbly as ever. He plays everything from Richard Rogers to Rossini a touch too fast and with incessant tremolo, urging his elephant on to ever more extraordinary tricks, with cowbells, chimes and the rat-a-tat-tat of the military drum to underpin his harmonious, treacly melodies.

This is one of the Cinema Organ Society's Bank Holiday concerts, and the cinema organ faithful are out in strength. Cine-projectors whirr quietly in the darkness of the vast auditorium; woolly Wurlitzer bonnets may be bought in the crush bar during the interval; while down in the foyer middle-aged men press towards the tables to buy the oldest and newest discs of that ancient triumvirate of performers, the three Reginalds (Dixon, Foort and Porter-Brown), along with Ena Baga, Hubert Selby, Florence de Jong and other golden greats of the cinema organ. The Gaumont State is the COS's regular venue, and could hardly be bettered. Designed by George Coles to seat 4,000 with an accompanying dance floor and restaurant, it is one of London's best three or four surviving cinemas, having been well converted so as to hold half that number without wrecking the auditorium. Its façade, a faience mini-skyscraper lording it grandly over the Kilburn High Road, gives way to a marble hall of dreamlike opulence and size leading to a pompous double staircase. The Wurlitzer matches: a four-manual, 16-rank instrument with a console in what *cognoscenti* call the French style, gilded and baroque yet stepped up at the sides in the unmistakable manner of the Thirties.

Film buffs may be manic, aficionados of theatre and 'picture palace' architecture loonier still, but cinema organ enthusiasts must be the most attractively crazy of the lot. Take for instance Tony Moss, secretary and co-founder of the COS, started in 1952 when nobody cared and the big chains were sloughing off organs in dozens and, with them, the resident organists. Though trying to type letters to members and listen to a broadcast by the Liberals when I talked to him, while cinema-organ music swirled in the background, he speedily buckled down to yet another task of conversion. Did I know that the cinema organ was invented by an Englishman, Robert Hope-Jones? That, despairing of recognition in Britain, Hope-Jones took the idea to Rudolph Wurlitzer in America just before the First War? That there were just three main brands in Britain, the Wurlitzer and its home-grown competitors the Compton and the Christie? That what differentiates a cinema organ from an ordinary organ is that it is 'unified', that in fact all stops are available on all manuals? That the console could be 'French style' or 'Granada style' (blocky and cubist, this type), and from about 1932 would often incorporate illuminated glass panels, as the Compton does in the renowned Odeon Leicester Square?

And much more to the same effect. The Wurlitzers 'with their unique tibia' always had the technical edge; 99 were installed in Britain. They were assembled and the consoles made in Kentish Town, but the pipework came over from North Tonawanda, NY, where the factory now stands deserted, the company having retreated into jukeboxes. The mellow-toned Comptons weren't usually so good but they started early; there were plenty of them and quite a few survive, especially on the Odeon circuit. Rarest of all were Hill, Norman and Beard's Christies (for example, at the Dome, Brighton), somewhat incongruously named after the company's chairman John Christie, the founder of Glyndebourne. Of about 550 cinema organs installed in the country only 50 or so are now in reasonable condition, and despite the concern of the COS and other bodies the losses continue to outweigh the occasional gain through patient restoration. Granada, which owns some of the finest cinemas and organs in Britain, has quite a conscience about them and now promotes its own concerts (though the mighty Wurlitzer in their Gothic cathedral at Tooting is still silent); other of the big chains are not so compliant.

A case in point is the Regal, Uxbridge. The Regal is the work of E. Norman Bailey, an architect pretty well obscure except for a couple of Tudor roadhouses which the experts have located down Maidenhead way. Its small but flashy façade in the Aztec manner pops up just opposite Hillingdon's naughty new Civic Centre, on land ripe for development at the fag-end of Uxbridge High Street. EMI are just the lessees; the freeholders, Abrahams Consolidated Ltd., have had plans to raze the lot and start from scratch. The Regal's great glory, however, is its 1,500-seater auditorium which must rank as one of Britain's top cinema interiors, an astonishing essay in the streamlined style, with captious abstracts in fibrous plaster dotted about the walls. In the tiny pit lurks a little Compton, a small two-manual business without even an automatic lift. Yet it boasts a 'surf' stop (for gentle susurration) and an 'aeroplane' stop (hardly necessary now, with the low droning of the Heathrow jumbos overhead once a minute). And behind in the works you can see not just pipes but also castanets, sleigh bells, three types of drum, a triangle, and a cymbal 'made in Constantinople'.

A lot of these don't work, and it's easy to see why. EMI don't want to know about the organ, preferring to promote their own records before performances; it is serviced very rarely, concerts are frowned on, and prohibitive rates are charged for enthusiasts who want to come and play. It is kept going unofficially by two local heroes, an electrician who prevents the worst breakdowns and damage from rain, and a church organist who comes in to give the kids a tune on Saturday mornings. Abrahams Consolidated seem to have been persuaded to think again about the cinema, now a listed building; and their revised plans will probably incorporate the auditorium, though the front (also worth keeping) is still scheduled to go. But there is 'no official decision' on the Compton, which will deteriorate and join the throng of rotting cinema organs unless EMI mend their ways.

From Kilburn to Uxbridge: often it was in the dullest suburbs that the grandest 'supers' were built and with them the 'mighty' organs that become an integral part of interwar cinema culture. It is a culture which the success of the COS proves still to have strong roots, and which yet provides a hard core of today's cinema-goers. In an age of falling attendances, the big chains will ignore these people's pleasures at their peril.

Radio

Eric Korn

Ag and Spoon

Gabriel Josipovici's version of Richard Lattimore's translation of Aeschylus's *Agamemnon* declared itself as a contender for the Italia prize with all the reticence – and some of the sound-effects – of an American Presidential candidate in a balloon-filled ballroom. '*Ag*, a retexturing for stereo', announced Radio 3, cramming as many hackle-erecting stimuli as possible into the first few minutes, and going on about mythic overtones, the murder of Agamemnon in his bath as the ritual murder of the divine king, as the daily death of the sun in the western waters. Moans, crackles, mouth-music and solemn intonings in English, Greek, and Orghast: I was sure I was going to hate every portentous minute of it. Instead, I found myself marvelling, captured by one of the most imaginative and just uses of stereophony that has come my way.

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Stereo may be merely a technique for the improved but still imperfect rendering of the sounds of the two-eared world; by a sharper separation of the sources it can also be an auditory experience that corresponds to nothing familiar, as stirring as multi-screen movies, but without their ineluctable triviality. (I can conceive that there may be good neurological reasons why this should be so, for the auditory and visual cortexes do not model the world in the same way.) The virtues of stereo for the antiphonies of two *hemichoroi* are obvious: more exciting was the way it was used to provide echoes and foreshadowings, synchronic contrasts, ironic juxtapositions and scholarly footnotes. A mainspring of Greek tragedy is that the spectator knows what has happened and what is to happen, that the characters do not, and that the chorus mediates between them: technology now transmits this tension to the uninstructed modern audience. It is as though one had a discreet, sympathetic annotator at one's elbow.

The narrative, naturally, concluded with the murder, rendered with one of those cosmic screams, the call-sign of Greek drama, which seem to tell of the first murder, the first incest, the first infanticide (it was, after all, the house of Atreus that put the pie in paedophilia); but the fulcrum was Agamemnon's reluctant step from his chariot on to Clytemnestra's red carpet, like the sun hastening to a death by drowning along the crimson carpet of the sea: a subtle point that was made perfectly clear and might have needed pages of exegesis. Josipovici has transformed the text of the play into something approaching a cantata, built of words and sounds spoken, chanted, sung, tormented and transmuted; but he has been faithful to the mood of his original, and whether one finds his ritual insight historically probable is of no consequence. The music of Christos Pittas incorporated everything from palaeolithic grunts to blues without affectation, and the cast, led by Timothy West and Jill Balcon, responded sensitively and energetically. I did, however, deeply resent the gratuitous ping-pong game, an offensive and otiose way of drawing attention to the spatial qualities of the sound (it must have seemed weird in mono); and I do not understand the purpose of the uncouth abbreviation of the names as though to universalise it. If 'Ag' suggests anything at all, it is silver, which alchemically represents the moon, not the sun.

That vigorous, freethinking pessimist Edgar Lee Masters wrote fifty-odd books, all save one quite forgotten, and even *Spoon River Anthology* is sometimes absurdly misapprehended as a wholesome June-moon celebration of the rustic virtues of small-town mid-America. But the ghosts who lie under the epitaphs that lie over them rise one by one to give dispiriting summary autobiographies of drought, frustration and lovelessness. Since there are more than two hundred of them, the adaptor had the obligation as well as the opportunity to shape by selection, and for *Spoon River* (Radio 3) Paul Meier had the precedent of Masters himself, who added some 35 inhabitants to the second edition of the town to tilt the scales a degree or two away from despair. Still, this little Illinois town had more than its share of penless writers, mute poets, and pursuers in lifelong silence of unattainable ideals or lovers: from private griefs and disgusts through to full metaphysical revolt or resignation. Only the fiddler had led a happy life, and only the ghost of the Revolutionary soldier remembered with pride the 'beautiful young Republic'. The lines were spoken with affection, perhaps too warmly elegiac a mood, and a variety of accents from Cape Cod to Bayou.

Theatre

Peter Conrad

Fleur du Mal

Dean *Casino*

Inarticulacy was not only James Dean's medium but his message. Unintelligibility was what he had to say. He detested the fluency and easy sonority of theatrical elocution and substituted for it a mumbling incoherence which mashed and punished the words he was given to say because they didn't transcribe what he felt. He was also a specifically cinematic actor. On stage, acting is a variety of semaphore, signalling emotion across vast distances, projecting by amplifying. Acting for the cinema is quieter and subtler, and because the camera spies so closely and unforgivingly on its subject it requires of the actor not impersonation but authenticity. The stage actor has to dress up as someone else; the film actor has to be himself, which is much more difficult and in the end self-destructive. Dean was one of the first performers to realise this: he confided his anxieties to the lens as if muttering into a confessional, rather than exhibitionistically staging them for a crowd of spectators. He was so touchingly dependent on the camera that he even went to bed with it: during the making of *East of Eden* Kazan obtained permission for him to live in his dressing room on the studio lot.

These qualities, which made Dean so original, mean that any project to make a musical play about him is doubly doomed before it starts. Music deprives him of his treasured indistinctness of delivery; the theatre deprives him of his privileged intimacy with the camera and makes him posture, which he always refused to do. *Dean* is therefore a costly and dismaying failure. Glenn Conway contrives to look like Dean by twisting himself into a stance of paraplegic fixity: running, jumping and standing still he maintains the same hunched and simian posture, arms swinging and hands raking the air. But he's untrue to Dean precisely because his imitation is so exact. He sustains it by freezing himself inside it, and therefore misses the sinuousness and grace of the original. The man who seemed to his contemporaries scandalously casual becomes a jerky, corseted automaton. Conway has a pleasant singing voice, but even that is a disadvantage. Dean was no dulcet crooner, and song is no medium for expressing doubts about oneself. It is the prerogative of characters who know who they are, of energetic extroverts not bewildered and disoriented loners.

To the insult of lyricism the script adds the injury of garrulity: it makes Dean talkative. The man who so warily guarded his memories and was so reluctant to let the publicists invade his privacy now forces his recollections on passers-by as tediously as the Ancient Mariner: 'Did I ever tell you I was a cowboy once?' or 'Say, did you know I was a hustler once?' Even the dominable Hedda Hopper becomes a cherished confidant. The script is by John Howlett, who has written an excellent biography of Dean – but that's the trouble, for Howlett has simply allocated to Dean the reconstructions and speculations of that biography and made him utter them, in defiance of dramatic plausibility. Other characters stroll on to reminisce about him, behaving like survivors granting interviews to a researching biographer.

Separating these passages of half-dramatised biography are the songs by Robert Campbell, which manage the paradoxical feat of being at once innocuous and brash. The sorriest absurdity is the acting out of scenes from Dean's films: the search through the whorehouse from *East of Eden*, the knife fight from *Rebel Without a Cause*, the gusher of oil (tackily represented by cascading flakes of glitter) from *Giant*. The stage's mimicry of the claustrophobia and painful concentration of film is predictably disastrous. The sequences turn into charades, amusing for their amateurish incompetence. Anna Nicholas traduces Dean's three leading ladies, playing Pier Angeli as a dumb wop, Natalie Wood as a crass sophomore, and Elizabeth Taylor as a braying hyena.

Who was Dean, after all? The musical asks the question, but its answer is trivial. As far as it's concerned, he appears to be a loutish egotist redeemed by his affection for Pier Angeli and ruined when she chooses Vic Damone (who at least could sing) instead. The show exploits the posthumous legend without explaining it, and can't discriminate between Dean and the other dear dead celluloid faces which paper its bleak set. Dean was singular because he was an American romantic, a scruffy dandy who wore his famous baggy overcoat like Hamlet's inky cloak. He even played Hamlet while a student in Santa Monica, 'peering through horn-rimmed glasses at a world that baffled him', as a contemporary said, and later was eager to do it again. He criticised Olivier's performance in the role for its honeyed vocalism, and argued that Hamlet ought to falter, mumble and reach out inconclusively, not swan about with such lissome morbidity. Even the phrase 'rebel without a cause' recalls Hamlet's deficiency, which Eliot said was the lack of an objective correlative, the absence of a cause or motive for action. This was a Hamlet transposed to the romantic 19th century, in which Dean's mother placed him by giving him the name of her favourite poet: he was christened James Byron Dean, and his first stage name was Byron James.

The moping and self-pitying Hamlet of Byron turns later into a more dangerous and suicidal character, systematically deranging the senses: Truffaut saw in Dean

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'a Baudelairean hero' and called him a 'freshly plucked *fleur du mal*', though he experimented with his own destruction not by taking drugs but by driving motor-cycles and sports cars. Given a few more years, Dean might have completed the romantic pilgrimage and brought his moody spirituality up to date by mastering Zen and motor-cycle maintenance. Instead, as the moguls would say, he died and became immortal. *Dean* is an imperceptive and unworthy tribute.

Art

John Spurling

Camera Eye

Summer Show 4 *Serpentine Gallery, until 11 September*
Stubbs Appeal *Tate*
Kenneth Dingwall *House*

Asked for her opinion of a novel, Ivy Compton Burnett said: 'It's full of descriptions. Really very good descriptions. I don't know whether you like descriptions. I don't.' It might stand as a general verdict on exhibitions of photographs. Description is the art photographer's albatross. His instrument can return him almost anything he asks of the visible world, but sterilised, flattened and drained of its energy like a pressed flower. His instantaneous image commands only instantaneous attention from the viewer; his ability to record and comment is at the same time an inability to withhold and contemplate.

The 23 photographers at the Serpentine can all be seen to be struggling in their 23 different ways against the curse. The two oldest concentrate on texture and design: R. Gordon Taylor with close-ups of leaves, rock, raindrops on a car's door-handle; Victor Bowley with sweeps of tide over a sea-shore. Liz White tackles the instant image head-on, shutting out the rest of the world in favour of a coat-hanger, an iron, a bed with a rumpled sheet. Howard Jeffs plays tricks with exposure, turning twigs into white cut-out shapes, making branches look like rubber tubing, in an attempt to de-nature his descriptions. John Goto specialises in crowded interiors or the complicated facades of Italian buildings and old-world lighting-effects; Pip Dunstone in blurs, mirrors, gauze curtains and the dappling effect of foliage; both seem to be after some sort of concealment from the pitiless eye. Jean England and Heather Forbes compose self-conscious figure-dramas; Peter Mitchell poses ordinary people in the doorways of odd shops. Several photographers try to make a virtue of the naturally unmemorable image – a wall with torn posters, a wire gate, derelict buildings, or rooms – others to find fresh views of the admittedly picturesque: Venice or the island of Skye.

All, as their selector Aaron Scharf claims, succeed in 'heightening the ordinary', but only briefly. The idea is passed to the viewer and the shutter closed on the transaction; they have nothing more to give if you study them a second time. The exception is Paul Joyce. How is it that this bare range of mountains under drifting cloud or this bank of dry, dark earth with the boles of two trees and an old brick building become continuing experiences? There is nothing forced about them, nothing concealed or trickily enigmatic. Texture, light and, even more, shade are important elements, but the secret lies in their combination of myriad, precise details with the overall grandeur of the compositions. You can take them whole for their powerful atmosphere and their generality, but you can also spend time with their particularity. The camera and its zeal to be up and away seem to be pushed aside, leaving artist and viewer to share every stone, every twig, every piece of bark at their leisure.

This interplay between detail and generalisation is also the secret of the two great Stubbs paintings which the Tate is hoping to buy with the help of a public appeal and lottery. In black-and-white reproductions these might almost be photographs by origin, moments caught from the everyday activities of hay-making and reaping two centuries ago. The canvases are no such thing, but scenes to be inhabited. The spectator is drawn forward to take part, not of course in the haymaking or reaping, or even to sit his horse with a fine air like the squire in *Reapers*, but in the artist's slow process of contemplation and execution. It is interesting to compare these paintings with Andrzej Slezak's set of photographs at the Serpentine of last year's harvest near a village in County Cleveland. Slezak's highly-exposed backgrounds are as much mere settings as Stubbs's dusty trees and vague hills beyond; both focus on the figures and their harvest, though the faces of Slezak's harvesters (taken at rest, not at work) are far more defined, more idiosyncratic than Stubbs's. Slezak's portraits of Mr S. Jacobson, with his disconcertingly intense eyes and tight, straight mouth, and Mr J. Knight, with his half-smile and deep crow's-feet, arouse a sympathetic curiosity which could only be satisfied by meeting the originals. Stubb's people are ordinary, unsurprising, almost familiar, their individualities toned into the gestures and movements which define their role as reapers, rakers, pitchforkers or binders of sheaves. The difference is between what are essentially souvenirs, records of particular harvesters at a particular time (though photographed only last year) and self-sufficient, inexhaustibly fresh explorations in present time of the idea of harvest.

Pause for commercial: tickets for the Stubbs lottery (25p each) can be bought at the Tate or by post (making cheques or postal orders out to 'Friends of the Tate Gallery – Stubbs Lottery'). Even more urgently, Birmingham needs £400,000 by September 30th to buy Bellini's *Madonna and Child Enthroned*. No prizes here, but donations to the 'Bellini Appeal Fund' should be sent to City Museums and Art Gallery, Chamberlain Square, Birmingham B3 3DH.

The Scottish painter, Kenneth Dingwall, whose drawings, paintings and constructions are now at House (62 Regent's Park Road, London NW1, until 18 September), quotes Stevenson in his catalogue: 'One thing indeed is not to be learned in Scotland and that is the way to be happy.' At first sight Dingwall's work is as gloomy and uninviting as anything I have seen: heavy accumulations of grey paint or pencil with occasional flashes of red showing through. Close acquaintances identifies those other Scottish hallmarks, care and orderliness, in the painfully reiterated brush-strokes suggesting the surface of a dour sea or a plastered wall. The sparse dabs of red now begin to seem almost witticisms, or at least ironies. 'Layers, depths, covering up, obscuring – becoming just surface', notes Dingwall in his sketchbook. It might be the summary of one of Ivy Compton Burnett's own rigorously non-descriptive novels. One leaves the gallery with a sense of having been won over, charmed in spite of appearances.

Films

John Coleman

Glazed

Heart of Glass (A) *Paris Pullman*
The Other Side of Midnight (X) *Empire*
The Island of Dr Moreau (A) *Rialto*

Werner Herzog is a youngish German director whom at least a couple of us have previously written of as a Sunday painter of the cinema, a terrific naïf. With *Heart of Glass*, shown at last year's London Film Festival, he would appear to have made his first total disaster. The eerie affair found him hypnotising his cast and is documented after a fashion in a very odd, not to say nutty, book by one Alan Greenberg (Skellig Edition out of Munich). With the wandering movies of Wim Wenders, one has already started to form notions about whither Teutonic cinema: towards concussion, disconnections, a severe snap in the synaptic activities. Herzog has taken a short screenplay by Herbert Achternbusch (later to be incorporated into a novel) and twisted it about, much as a fellow might take a length of rope, fray it, make knots and – with a certain cool insanity – transform it. To change the image, he has given us something like a very grand and meaningless coffee-table film. Set in a small Bavarian village early on in the 19th century, drawing on a legendary prophet, it attempts to display an apocalyptic vision of a glass-factory – famous for its ruby-coloured ware – which has lost the secret of its special redness, crossed with the peculiar and woeful spellings of imminent doom of Hias (Josef Bierbichler), a cowherdsman with a tendency to crouch in fantastically picturesque rock formation and inns. What one sees is frequently of note (photography by Jörg Schmidt-Reitwein), and, thanks to that Skellig book of the picture, one is heavily aware of cameras, of the physical hazards of hauling them up a mountain, of the sheer labour of *making*. Herzog is unusually into personal, muscular, sweating hard times. He improvises and it can rarely be less than sticky to work for him.

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And, of course, the really wild thing about *Heart of Glass* is what its director chose to do with his largely amateur population. He advertised for suitable subjects for mesmerism, had a professional in at the beginning to make the necessary passes, then fixed his chosen with a dangerously confident, sort of lunatic eye of his own. This would account for the inept, somnambulist, red-rimmed acting or reacting of the loony-looking men and women who figure in his high-flying charade. The dialogue is delivered monotone. And the dire implication of a big meaning behind it all. You have these Rembrandt pub interiors, some genuinely fascinating glimpses of glass-blowers at work (a mini-documentary, for which I was devoutly grateful), frozen frames of sea-birds and spume, quite splendid *trouvailles* of rocky nature with end-of-civilisation-as they-knew-it Hias reading bad news. It looks, to repeat myself, extraordinary. It feels, however, like somebody else's trip, if not sustained stumble. Almost arrogantly, it defies description. That a unique, not inconsiderable talent is sensed as pulsing behind the images ought also to be registered.

The gag about a certain kind of stinking movie is we thought they threw away the mould but it is, in fact, alive and well and living in some crevice of the box-office. *The Other Side of Midnight*, directed with unwarranted phlegm by our own Charles Jarrott – who clearly don't care what he do – is a 166-minute screening of what I can only conceive of as being a best-seller by Sidney Sheldon. If words weren't what I am paid for, I would say they failed me. One is invited to suspend incredulity – for what doesn't just seem like hours but is, too – over the improbable plight of the brazenly attractive Noelle (Marie-France Pisier) as she – the daughter of a poor Marseilles fish-seller – rises from an impoverished, piscatorial background into the rich *bouillabaisse* of yachts, movie stardom, and the affections of the world's wealthiest man (Raf Vallone, that fine ex-footballer evidently yearning for something to kick). If any credit is due, it had better go as swiftly as possible to the set decorators, Raphael Bretton and Tony Mondell. The Vallone character, Demeris, lives among other places in a cross between Grand Hotel and a slicked-up Waterloo Station: the only echoes given off are those of the benumbed actors' well-shod feet nipping around these unwise acres of mansion. I swear I never felt such a socialist as when being invited to watch Miss Pisier *et cie* thus contexted. The suspicion is that one is supposed to applaud the silly magnitude of their environment.

There was a rather good version of H. G. Wells's *The Island of Dr Moreau*, released by Paramount in 1933 and then called *The Island of Lost Souls*, I think, and certainly starring the chubby-sinister Charles Laughton as the mad scientist who spent his time converting jungle beasties into things resembling us. Pretty sick, but quite effective and fairly found even: in retrospect. The new version of this is a mess. It is many years since I read the original story, so we will not comment on what happened to Wells in either rendition. Michael York, that engaging and industrious actor, is washed up this time round on the hellish isle, somewhere in the South Pacific, where Burt Lancaster is conducting nasty experiments. The most shocking phrase is still 'the House of Pain', which a few of his made-over bears, tigers, etc. utter with gnarled-nose horror. The earlier filming had the 'hero' falling for a Panther Woman, all unknowing. Here, there is merely a sexy lady, Maria (Barbara Carrera), who hovers about as a maiden strangely rescued from whoredom. Lancaster: 'At the age of 11, any man could have had her for the price of a dozen eggs.' The end, when she and nice York escape afloat (apart from an oversized dormouse that keeps trying to clamber aboard their frail craft, to be risibly battered back by an oar), has a puzzling cop-out. There is a shot of the back of Maria's head and, as the rescuing ship heaves into sight, one expects her to turn about and show a reversion to animality. It would have been a small turn-up for the book: and was surely planted. Yet she doesn't. Is this how 'A' certificates are born? It's not a let-off but a let-down.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Dutch Cop

The new series of *Van der Valk* (Thames) has been widely looked forward to, but if the first episode is any guide, something rather dampening has happened to our hero. Once sharp-tongued and interestingly ruminative, he now bears a stunned, pitifully apprehensive look – as of a man who has just signed a bookful of postdated cheques. Perhaps one reason for the normally excellent Barry Foster's marked discomfiture can be found in the show's new Sweeney-like ingredients: never much of a strong-arm, the literate Dutch 'tec now faces a routine of short tempers and long car-rides, with not a single blow above the belt and very little time for reading.

The hero's lack of conviction was not aided by a thin, somewhat silly script. In the opening shots, V de V is to be seen crunching underwheel the young body of a glamorous girl crook. Remorseful, he shows up at her funeral and is there savagely abused by her stricken brother ('Sorry! *S-s-sorry*? Is *that* all you can say?') and then comforted by her stricken but wise husband. From this moment on, dire things keep happening to Van der Valk: he gets hoax phone calls, slashed tyres, dead rats on his eiderdown and – and worst of all – his wife's pot-plants sprayed with acid. 'Whoever did this really has a grudge against you,' advised his thoughtful superior, one Samson (a new regular, and played at something slower than his usual snail's pace by the cuddly Nigel Stock). Van der Valk intelligently takes his lead from this, and ends up fingering the vengeful brother. We of course have by this time already dismissed the brother as too obvious a candidate and have gone on to finger the wise husband. Half a dozen horrors later, V de V has just about caught up with us. Little wonder that his control snaps at the moment of arrest and that – Regan style – he has to be lovingly dragged swearing from the baddy's jugular; the old Van der Valk may have been something of a phoney, but he wasn't dim.

Another crime series that bodes ill is *Dog and Cat* (London Weekend) which was piloted at the weekend and begins in earnest tonight. The pilot promised yet another chums-together-in-a-wicked-world concoction, though with a women's lib angle pinched, we presume, from Clint Eastwood's *The Enforcer*. Like Clint, the worldly, wizened Ramsey believes that on-the-streets police work is no work for dumb broads, but is saddled with a tiresome, intrepid partneress fresh out of police school. Banal sex-war banter is interrupted by bursts of gun-fire and choreographed judo bouts, and with each new assignment the ill-assorted pair will inexorably intermesh. As of now, things are pretty dog-and-cat and the dialogue in every way insulting: 'I didn't pick you and you didn't pick me.' 'Hey, you really know how to hurt a girl, don't you.' We wish he did.

Was I alone in thinking there was something odd about the peak-time positioning on Sunday night of Shaw Taylor's usually obscure *Police Five* (LWT)? It was allocated 15 minutes – from 9.30 to 9.45 – which is far longer than its usual five and although I didn't time it I could almost swear that Shaw wasn't on the screen for longer than about eight. The rest of this popular viewing slot was filled with ads. I *must* look up the rules about this sort of thing. Still, Shaw did his best to give us something a bit special, abandoning his stills and getting out there on the beat whenever possible. 'They've made a right mess of this didn't they, Chief Inspector?' 'Yeah, they gave it a good whack.' Sweeney fans, no doubt. Have real cops, I wonder, started talking telly-talk? Do they thump you any differently these days?

BBC-1's new three-part series on *Race* had a rather frightening session with the Brent police force, a harassed-looking lot whose patch houses four blacks for every half-a-dozen whites. Asked if they kept a special eye open for black villains, they readily volunteered that they'd be stupid if they didn't: 'We go for blacks because our experience tells us that blacks thieve.' The blacks saw the whole thing slightly differently, and thus the whole programme ranged wholesomely from one depressing grievance to another. It was hard not to sympathise with far too many of those taking part – black sulkers or white whiners – and it was therefore not felt to be all that demeaning when Charles Wheeler illustrated his grim racial statistics with *Sesame-Street* diagrams. It really would be as well if most people knew that (according to Gallup) 52 per cent of us white Britons believe that non-whites have harmed the economy, that 49 per cent believe the non-white presence to be socially harmful, that 60 per cent expect an ugly outcome of the racial confrontation, and that 14 per cent believe that we have 10 million blacks and not the less than 2 million who are really here.

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Weekend Competition

No 2480 Set by E. O. Parrott

The common cormorant, or shag, as everyone knows, lays eggs inside a paper bag. Deal with other creatures of land, sea or air in similar fashion. Maximum eight lines; by 23 September.

Result of No 2477 Set by Joyce Johnson

We asked for apposite anagrams of the names of fictional characters.

Report by Fat Jeff

No room for me; only for you. £1 each entry; well done.

Humbert Humbert: Herbert Bumthum.
Oliver Twist: Oi, Twit! Re LVs. . . .
Desdemona: De Mean Sod! TIM HOPKINS

Hamlet: 'Let H., Ma.'
Leopold Bloom: Moll – Po – E! – Blood.
Baron de Charlus: La Rude Arch Snob.
ROY FULLER

Sam Spade: D.A. saps me.
Man Friday: Damn fairy!
Alexander Portnoy: Exalted porno yarn.
JEAN PASTOR

Kenneth Widmerpool: M.P. not liked – new hero.
Hercule Poirot: Oh true policer.
WANDRHYN J. BONSO

Sally Bowles: Yes, blows all.
Humbert Humbert: Rub them, rub them.
SMASHER RANSOME

Miss Moneypenny: Men, yon spy's mine!
G. E. R. MADDEN

King Lear of Britain: I bar kin if not regal.
RHODA ELLIOTT

Hamlet Prince of Denmark: Mere think, dream, can flop. PETER PETERSON

Lolita: Lo! Tail! GERRY HAMILL

Robinson Crusoe: No bros on cruise.
PASCOE POLGLAZE

Mrs Dalloway: Moral S.W. lady.
W. J. WEBSTER

Dolores Haze: O sod her zeal!
FRANK ANDERSON

Moll Flanders: Fallen old Mrs.
W. F. N. WATSON

Lord Peter Wimsey: Wrily modest peer.
A. R. BLACKSHIELD

Catherine Morland: Erotic man-handler?
JOHN BENNETT

Miss Joan Hunter Dunn: Man-rush'd tennis Juno. E. M. WAIKER

Madame Bovary: A very bad moma.
ANTHONY DONEGAN

Moll Flanders: Small fondler. CHRIS CLARK

Desdemona: One dead Ms. JOYCE JOHNSON

Tony Miles

Chess

No 50 Spassky v Portisch

The final of the candidates series will be between Boris Spassky (USSR) and Victor Korchnoy (Stateless). In the semi finals Korchnoy beat Polugaevsky 8½/4½ and Spassky beat Portisch 8½/6½. Korchnoy raced into a 6/1 lead but played rather casually thereafter and was fortunate to lose only one game.

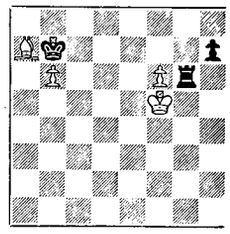
The other encounter was a much closer affair. The Hungarian won the third game but Spassky drew level in the fifth. Portisch regained the lead in the eighth when Spassky mishandled a Queen's Gambit horribly. It seemed that the ex-world champion risked a variation with which he was not entirely familiar and paid the penalty. The turning point came in the ninth game. Spassky won in incisive fashion against Portisch's favourite Breyer Defence to the Ruy Lopez. This seemed to have a shattering effect on Portisch, who claimed two postponements and even returned to Hungary for a while. The next three games were drawn, but Spassky won the 13th. In the 14th the Hungarian, striving to get back on level terms, over-reached and the match was decided.

White: B. Spassky Black: L. Portisch
(Ninth Game)

1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. N-KB3, N-QB3; 3. B-N5, P-QR3, 4. B-R4, N-B3; 5. 0-0, B-K2; 6. R-K1, P-QN4; 7. B-N3, P-Q3; 8. P-B3, 0-0; 9. P-KR3, N-N1. The Breyer Defence is currently the most popular answer to the Ruy Lopez at the highest level. **10. P-Q4, QN-Q2; 11. QN-Q2, B-N2; 12. B-B2, R-K1; 13. N-B1, B-KB1; 14. N-N3, P-N3; 15. P-QR4, P-B4; 16. P-Q5, P-B5.** All fairly normal. White hopes to build up an attack on the K-side. Meanwhile black secures the QB4 square for his N. **17. B-N5, P-R3; 18. B-K3 N-B4; 19. Q-Q2, K-R2; 20. N-R2, B-N2; 21. R-KB1 P-KR4?** A nervous reaction. Black is obviously worried about the impending P-KB4 but this move weakening his KN4, only makes things worse. Preferable is 21. . . . R-KB1 to protect KB2 and prepare to untangle along the f-file. **22. P-B3, Q-K2; 23 B-N5, Q-B1; 24. P-B4, P x P; 25. R x P, KN-Q2; 26. QR-KB1, N-K4; 27. N x P!** Simple and decisive and typical of Spassky at his best. All the white pieces converge on the black king. In contrast their black counterparts are completely ineffective. Even the seemingly impressive Ns are mere spectators **27. . . . P x N; 28. Q-K2, Q-R1; 29. R-R4, K-N3, 30. B-Q1, P-B4.** There is no sensible defence. **31 R x BP, R-KB1; 32. Q x Pch, Q x Q; 33. B x Qch, K-R2; 34. B-B7ch, B-R3; 35. R x Bch, K-N2; 36 B-B6ch, K x B.** Or 36. . . . K x R; 37. R-R5 mate **37. B x Nch, K-R1; 38. R x Rch, K x R; 39. B x Pch, K-N2; 40. N-N4 Resigns.**

Problem 50

White to play. What result and why? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 21 September.

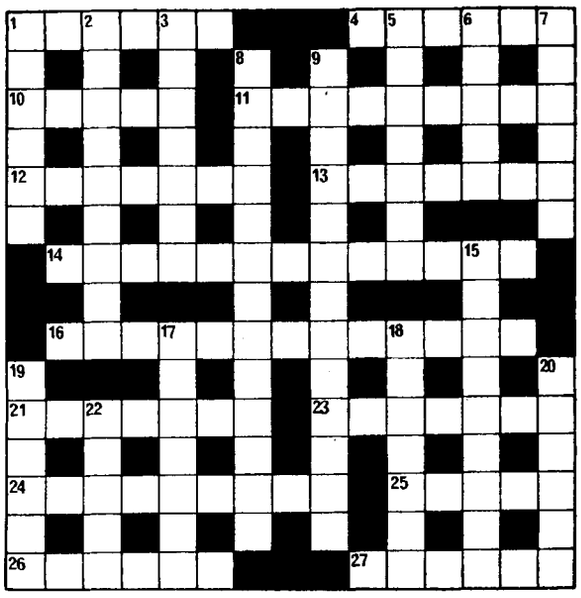


Solution to Problem 48

1. Q-K4 is correct. After 1. Q-R4 black has dangerous counterplay: 1. . . . P-K5! 2. B x KP (if 2. B-N2, P-K6 is unpleasant: 3. P x P, Q x P or 3. Q-B2, Q-K4) Q-Q7! (Not 2. . . . Q-K4; 3. R x B, Q x B; 4. Q-Q1! K-B1; 5. Q-Q8ch and 6 Q-Q4ch). Now black threatens 3. . . . B-QB4 and 3. . . . Q-K8ch and if 3. R x B, Q-K8ch; 4. K-R2 (4. K-N2, Q x Bch; 5. K-R2, Q-B6 threatening B-Q4) Q x Pch; 5. B-N2, B-Q4; 6. R x Pch! B x R and white has no winning chances or 3. Q-B2, Q-K8ch, 4. K-N2, B-QB4; 5. R-B7, B x P! 6. Q x B, B-R6ch 7. K-B3, B-N5ch drawing.

Weekend Crossword 1232

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1232, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 20 September.



ACROSS

1. Spite of masculine woman (6).
4. Presents the treasure chests after a hundred has been removed (6).
10. Left port with a cargo (5).
11. Kind of fever which involves him with a curate (9).
12. Curious fads fit the female side (7).
13. Spoil what could be a benefit at the seaside (7).
14. Admiral discovers no sailor on the wreck (7, 6).
16. Heard in court, an extraordinarily hated group of words (5, 8).
21. Jumping because there is something sharp stuck in the limb (7).
23. Ancient hero at school with us (7).
24. Heavy burdens when a lost card goes astray (9).
25. Festival without a second consumer (5).
26. Keeping calm though badly teased (6).
27. After being prepared but before start (6).

DOWN

1. Disease of a boy in springtime (6).
2. A number of poems and some music provide something attractive (9).
3. Preserve a farewell in a piece of music (7).
5. Of iron virtue in matters of the thigh (7).
6. Run in the next race (5).
7. Not so well as an unfinished artist (6).
8. Lifting a scarf loosely as a means to stop a car (7, 6).
9. It's not a job to lose concerning correspondence after pools entry (9, 4).
15. Kind of stalls in which carthorse may be found (9).
17. Journey permitted for one of three (7).
18. Serious listener with a comfortable place to sit (7).
19. They may be moved by spring or water (6).
20. Missing coin found on a salver (6).
22. Pungent as help without credit (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1230

B	A	P	T	I	S	M		F	A	C	T	O
A		I		N		O		I		L		R
R	U	S	E	S		S	A	N	T	A	N	D
R		T		E		Q		E		P		E
A	C	A	N	T	H	U	S		S	T	A	R
G		C		S		I		M		R		
E	C	H	O		S	T	R	A	T	A	G	E
		I		A		O		I		P		
B	R	O	A	D	B	E	A	N	S		B	E
R				H		S		S		H		C
I	S	R	A	E	L		E	T	H	E	L	R
S		A		R		P		R		A		D
K	I	T	T	I	W	A	K	E		N	A	T
E		I		N		L		A		I		E
T	R	O	U	G	H	S		M	E	A	N	D

Prizewinners to No 1230

Michael Hlinko (Smethwick)
F. Marzillier (Chobham)
I. G. James (Liverpool)

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APPOINTMENTS

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Applications are invited for a vacancy which has arisen in the Research Department of the Post Office Engineering Union. The post is graded at Assistant Research Officer level and carries a salary scale of £6,730 rising to £7,022 by four annual increments. There is a contributory superannuation scheme.

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The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is 30 September 1977.

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Appointment of

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The Association wish to appoint an Assistant Secretary who shall be responsible to the Executive Secretary for the general administration of the Association. His duties will include responsibility for the maintenance of membership records and preparation of financial statements from computer data. He will be responsible for all purchases, control of expenditure and provision of services.

Candidates should have previous experience which will have provided a good general knowledge of financial control involving the use of computerised information.

Applicants should send a brief statement of their previous experience together with a request for full details of this Manchester based appointment and for an application form to **The Association of Professional Scientists and Technologists, North Region Office, 175 Station Road, Swinton, Manchester M27 2BU.**

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A contributory superannuation scheme operates at the Institute.

Application forms, which should be completed and returned before 17 October 1977, may be obtained from **The Secretary, The Economic and Social Research Institute, 4 Burlington Road, Dublin 4.**

ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSIONAL SCIENTISTS AND TECHNOLOGISTS
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APST will be making further appointments of National Officials as a consequence of their increasing membership.
Initial requirements are a good knowledge of industrial organisations and ability to communicate effectively both verbally and in writing.
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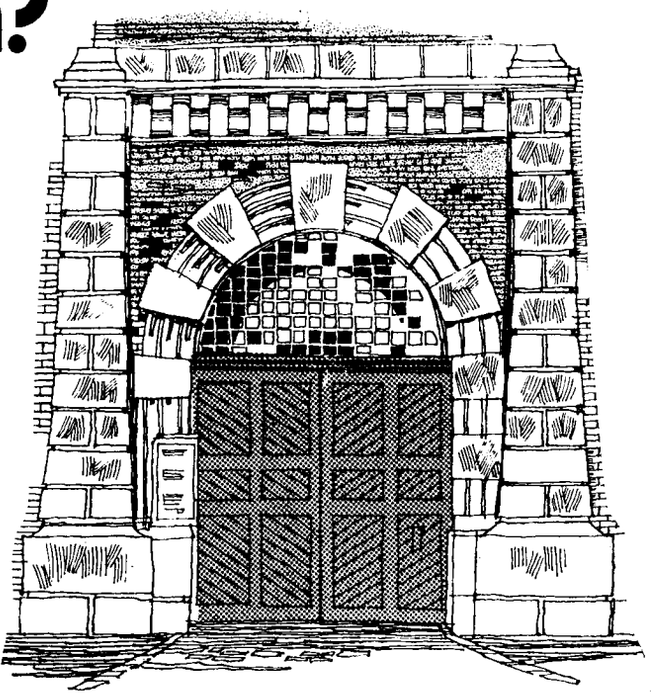
"The Probation and After-Care Service in a Changing Society" To obtain a copy of this booklet send your name and address on a post-card to the Home Office, Probation and After-Care Department (GIW1), Room 256, 50 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1H 9AT or get in touch with your local Chief Probation Officer (you'll find the address and telephone number in the telephone book).



Probation and after-care service

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Professorship

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— Personalabteilung —
Postfach
D-2800-Bremen - 33

Latest date for application: 8 October 1977.

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SOCIAL WORKERS

The West London Mission has already set up a detoxification unit to work in conjunction with their already existing Rehabilitation Centre. This has residential facilities for male and female alcoholics and long-term follow on accommodation.

The team is a multi-disciplinary one comprising three medical and three social work staff.
We need further male social workers (preferably qualified) with experience in alcoholism or the mental health field. The job will entail having responsibility for a group of up to seven residents, leading groups and conducting one-to-one counselling together with assessment of patients in the detoxification unit.

The position is residential and the chosen candidate will be required to work closely within a newly established and friendly team. Salary in accordance with NJC scale. Apply:

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LABOUR MP requires Personal Secretary for 20/25 hours p.w. (a.m.). To work in West London area, start Sept. Box 8694.

THE ALMOST FREE THEATRE is looking for an experienced Administrator to see the theatre through a time of change. Knowledge of the theatre world, publicity, contracts etc is useful. The theatre is part of the community arts organisation, Inter-Action, and the successful applicant would become a member and must consider the possibility of joining the living co-operative. Further details: Brenda Lipson - 485 0881/6224.

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The closing date for receipt of applications is 8 October 1977

DISABLEMENT INCOME GROUP

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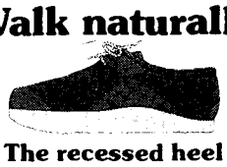
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